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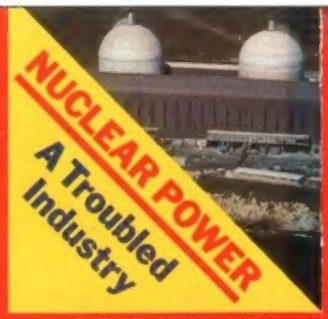

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TIME

OCTOBER 26, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 17 THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The French poet André Breton, leader of the surrealist movement, once defined surrealism as the juxtaposition of the familiar with the fantastic. As TIME correspondents moved through the strange netherworld of the arms trade for this week's cover story, they reflected on their own surrealist experiences—sometimes comical, other times ominous—of encountering weapons both familiar and fantastic, in places both ordinary and exotic. TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs recalled watching a multiple rocket launcher known as a "Stalin organ" being unloaded from a Soviet ship at Luanda harbor in 1975 during the civil war in Angola. To his surprise, the Angolans did not seem alarmed by the arrival of such heavy firepower. "Organs go in churches," said one. "Churches belong to God. He will not let that organ make war."

KAVEH GOLESTAN

Van Voorst, center, with soldiers in Iran, 1979

The strangest "arms bazaar" that TIME Correspondent Bruce van Voorst had ever seen was a collection of grimy peasant tents spread out on a dusty knoll outside the town of Mahabad, in the Kurdish mountains of western Iran. There, a clientele of mercenaries and international agents milled about, examining Israeli-made UZI automatics, Chinese and Soviet AK-47s, boxes of grenades, pre–World War II Czech-made Brno rifles and spanking new U.S. Colt .45 automatics. "For the serious customer," says Van Voorst, "a salesman would casually discharge a few rounds into a nearby hillside."

TIME's Bangkok correspondent David DeVoss found an equally thriving market in Dara Adam Khail, a mud-splattered tribal settlement in Pakistan's North-West Frontier. Visiting in the early days of January 1980, after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, DeVoss asked the most venerable gunsmith in Dara for a "beginner's weapon." From beneath a pile of Sten guns, the man unearthed what DeVoss thought was a ballpoint pen. But the pen could accommodate a .25-cal. slug that would kill at close range.

The cover story was researched by Betty Satterwhite Sutter, who uses nonlethal ballpoint pens, but has worked on so many armament stories during the past five years that she admits, "My dreams are invaded by visions of AK-47 rifles and rocket launchers." Associate Editor Walter Isaacson, who wrote the cover, concluded after assessing the thousands of words filed by TIME correspondents: "The arms trade has created a global powder keg."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Roger Huyssen

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Letters

Show of Shows

To the Editors:

TIME's excellent article on *Nicholas Nickleby* [Oct. 5] only begins to describe the perfection of the Royal Shakespeare Company's ambitious endeavor. The richness of the production is unforgettable and beyond price. Perhaps the most exhilarating moment of the entire day came at the curtain call, when an obviously overjoyed company appeared to be dumbstruck by the deafening cheers from the standing audience.

Ernest Spieler
Bristol, Conn.

After reading your review of *Nicholas Nickleby*, I decided to fly to New York to see it. It is all you said and worth every penny, including the $300 it cost to make the trip.

Michael Herbert Shadick
Minneapolis

What is this nonsense about giving up Halstons and dinners in Manhattan to pay $100 for a seat to *Nicholas Nickleby*? I need that money to buy groceries. The ultimate irony is that this ticket price is being perpetrated in the name of Charles Dickens, a champion of the poor.

Marlene H. Phillips
Boise, Idaho

The remark "If the show plays to empty seats, the failure will not belong to the Royal Shakespeare Company or the importers but to the Broadway audience" is as ridiculous as the exorbitant $100-a-ticket price. While your article notes that *Nicholas Nickleby* was a smash in London, it does not mention that there theatergoers could pay a measly $14 a seat.

Clifford Seixas
East Williston, N.Y.

Dream House

I greatly enjoyed Lance Morrow's Essay "Downsizing an American Dream" [Oct. 5]. While he recognizes the frustra-

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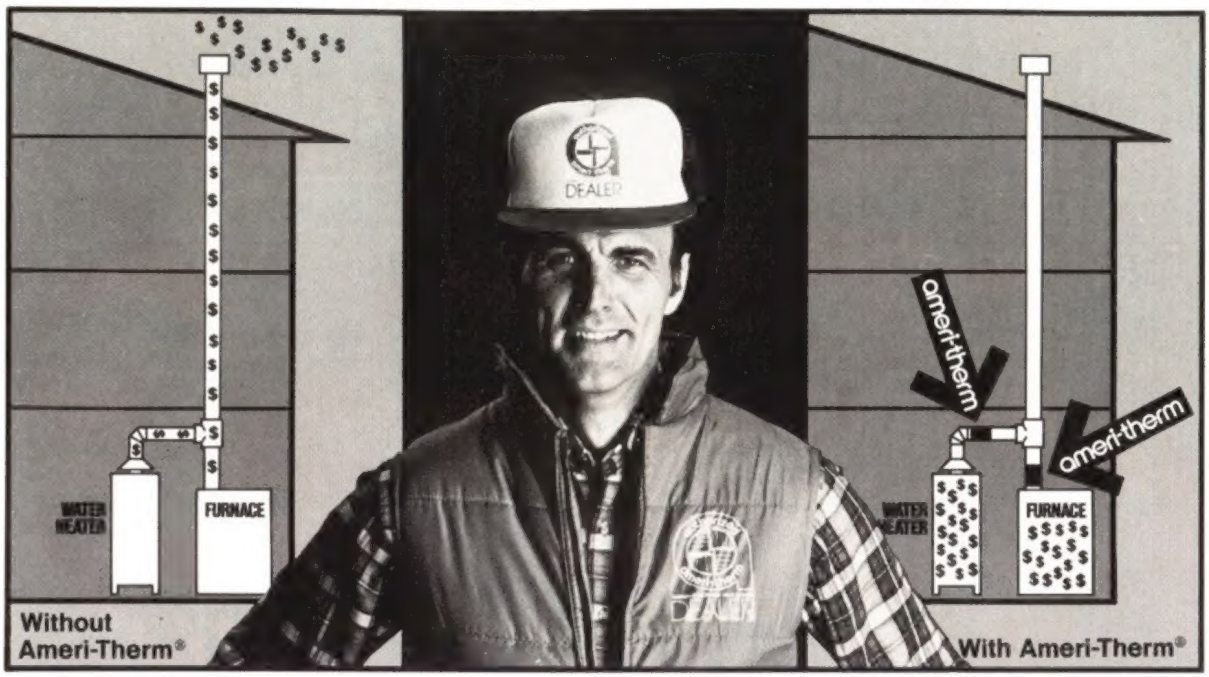

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1982 Mazda GLC. Just one look and you'll

The more you look at the finest economy cars in the world, the more you like the Mazda GLC.

The Mazda GLC and the VW Rabbit are similar in many important ways. But it doesn't take long to realize that there's one essential difference between these two outstanding economy cars.

The GLC is an outstanding value.

It's also an outstanding piece of engineering. When Mazda engineers first designed the GLC, they were free to analyze existing front-wheel-drive technology. And they were free to improve it in virtually every area.

The result is a car with handling, quickness and comfort that comes as a pleasant surprise to those accustomed to driving other front-wheel-drive automobiles. In plainest terms, it is an economy car that is fun to drive.

To be certain, the GLC doesn't ignore its major mission: fuel economy.

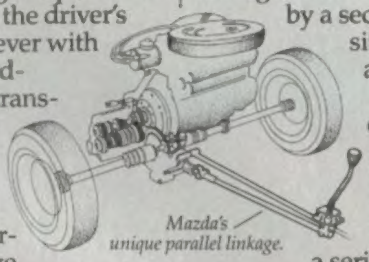
44 **34*** In sum, the GLC was designed from scratch to represent the state of the art in front-wheel-drive technology. And fulfilling this goal was a remarkable accomplishment.

EST. hwy. mpg EST. mpg

But the Mazda GLC is something rarer still: an economy car designed to stir the soul of its owner.

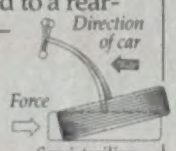
STATE-OF-THE-ART FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE. Mazda's front-wheel-drive setup is unique in many ways. For example, our engineers dealt with a problem encountered in many front-wheel-drive cars: rubbery and imprecise gear shifting. This troublesome characteristic is due to the long shift linkage required to connect the driver's gearshift lever with the forward-mounted transmission.

The solution was a unique parallel linkage system in which the shift linkage rod is stabilized by a second rod situated above it. This design makes running through the gears a series of sure, crisp throws.



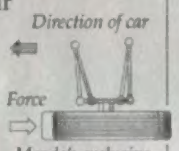
Mazda's unique parallel linkage.

EXCLUSIVE SUSPENSION DESIGN AIDS HANDLING. When the wheels of a car are subjected to a rearward force—when you go over a bump, for example—they tend to toe out. Such a change interferes with the car's stability.



Semi-trailing arm suspension, showing toe out.

The rear suspension of the Mazda GLC includes a patented Twin Link design whose geometry counteracts this effect. Instead of toeing out, the rear wheels of the GLC remain in a neutral position to help hold the car on track.



Mazda's exclusive Twin Link design counteracts toe out.

The GLC's superb handling characteristics are demonstrated by the scores it achieved in two important tests, the skidpad and the slalom course.

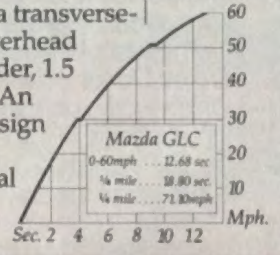
On the skidpad, it withstood a lateral force of .729g, and through the slalom it reached a speed of 56.2 mph.

Skidpad measures lateral g force.

see its outstanding value versus VW Rabbit.

PERFORMANCE THAT MAY SURPRISE YOU.

The Mazda GLC is powered by a transverse-mounted, overhead cam, 4-cylinder, 1.5 litre engine. An advanced design engine with hemispherical combustion chambers and high swirl intake porting for efficient combustion. Put it together with the GLC's smooth shifting action, and you have the kind of acceleration that makes this economy car a lot of fun to drive.



EXCELLENT RESALE VALUE.

If you're looking for a car with high resale value, consider the history of the Mazda GLC. It has consistently ranked among the leaders in its class. For example, the 1979 GLC 3-Door Hatchback has retained 93% of its original suggested retail price, according to the Kelley Blue Book, July-August 1981.

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE 80% 90% 100%
Mazda GLC Hatchback	93.0%
VW Rabbit Hatchback	93.0%
Toyota Corolla 2 Dr. Sedan	89.0%
Honda Civic 1500 Hatchback	88.1%

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• Split fold-down rear seat backs • Power front disc brakes • 4-wheel independent suspension • Whitewall steel-belted radials • Electric rear window defroster • Cut-pile carpeting • Remote-control driver's door mirror • Tinted glass • Reclining front bucket seats • All this and more.

1982 Mazda GLC Custom $5695**

*1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GLC Custom 3-door with 4-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GLC Custom 3-door. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice.

Performance data and comparisons with vehicles based on '81 tests and information. For '82 they may vary, as may availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features.

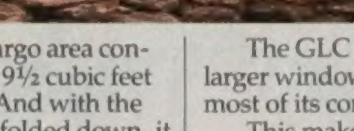
ONE OF THE ROOMIEST CARS IN ITS CLASS.

For a car with modest dimensions on the outside, the GLC is extremely roomy on the inside.

You'll be pleasantly surprised at the generous amounts of head, leg, and shoulder room provided by the GLC. Even the rear seat, a notably cramped area in many economy cars, is unusually accommodating.

The cargo area contains over 9½ cubic feet of space. And with the rear seats folded down, it expands to 27.7 cubic feet. Outstanding for a car this size.

You can even carry skis and other extra-long objects *inside* the GLC.



The GLC also has a larger window area than most of its competitors.

This makes it easier for passengers to appreciate the passing scenery. And, more important, the size of the windows gives the driver 330° visibility.

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The test plant uses the Exxon Donor Solvent Process which works on many different kinds of coal. It turns 250 tons of coal a day into a liquid that's a substitute for products made from natural crude oil.

Bob Payne and the scores of Exxon people at the test plant know their work is important, because coal is an alternative to foreign oil. It's one more way to produce energy in America, for America.

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Letters

tion of those who can't afford the type of home their parents owned, he neglects the plight of those whose parents were forced or chose to live in apartments. I am a second-generation rent-paying apartment dweller who has reconstrued the American dream to be a lofty one-bedroom, with Betamax and Jacuzzi, overlooking the lights of midtown Manhattan.

Lawrence Savell
New York City

The belief that man's condition can always be improved upon is unique to Americans. Does this mean we are spoiled? Not unless literacy, culture or political activism spoil us. These pursuits are denied to many of the world's citizens. Must we too be deprived of them or risk being labeled spoiled?

Stephen Ivins
Hayward, Calif.

The suggestion that I should be grateful for not living as the Mongolians, Brazilians or Soviets do, or that I am overprivileged because I live in a cramped, ugly row house with nosy neighbors, reminds me that 40 years ago my grandmother told me to eat my spinach because "poor children were starving in China."

Hazel M. Sheehan
Bridgeport, Pa.

My eyes widened at the statement that friends, even strangers, are buying homes and sharing them. True, we Americans may be spoiled, but our homes are our refuge. This amenity is what separates us from the unpredictable world.

Tamara L. Gorski
Milwaukee

Arguing over AWACS

It is time to treat the Saudis like the friends they are. To continue to alienate and insult potentially friendly Arab nations by withholding AWACS planes [Oct. 5] is the height of stupidity.

Christopher A. McGall
Cupertino, Calif.

The Saudis should understand that Israel's many supporters in the U.S. are not all American Jews. They comprise a broad cross section of Americans who are concerned not only with the Soviet threat but with the implications of selling a multibillion-dollar arms package to a country that in 1980 declared holy war against Israel. The Israeli lobby will never get my vote, but the Israeli people shall always have my support.

Ronald Harp Jr.
Fairfax, Va.

Curbing the Court

In his Essay on the federal courts [Sept. 28], Frank Trippett makes the common mistake of assuming that the primary job of the Supreme Court is to decide constitutional issues. The Constitution does not say which branch of Government has the final word on matters of interpretation. The Supreme Court assumed that power for itself in the famous case of *Marbury* vs. *Madison*. Nevertheless, Congress, which is the most democratic branch of the Federal Government, has every right to challenge the court on this matter. It should decide what is the supreme law of our land.

Richard F. Riley Jr.
Durham, N.C.

Your Essay says that the Moral Majority is pushing Congress to bring pressure on the Supreme Court to stay away from certain issues—notably abortion and religion. It also states that "judicial independence has been indispensable to the workings of U.S.-style democracy." What makes you think the Moral Majority wants any sort of democracy? They want to establish a U.S.-style Geneva, where Calvin rules.

Tim Symonds
Burford, England

Your Essay correctly points to the New Right's attempts to force its narrow views upon the nation. The proposed legislation to limit federal court jurisdiction over broadly defined states' rights issues will be a mistake. These efforts to legislate around supposedly unpopular Supreme Court decisions only intensify my disdain for the New Right.

Luke R. Stellpflug
Madison, Wis.

Critical Differences

I basically agree with Critic Richard Schickel's review of Neil Simon's movie *Only When I Laugh* [Oct. 5]. I too found myself "strained" by the bombardment of simplistic one-liners and disappointed by the film's lack of substance. However, I thought Mr. Schickel's attack on Neil Simon and Marsha Mason downright vicious. Marsha Mason does possess the very "natural charm" that Mr. Schickel says she lacks. In a masterly way, she portrays a vulnerability and human fallibility with which so many of us can identify.

Linda N. Carter
Dayton

Right Track

While Japanese and French experts provide safe rail travel at 100 and 236 m.p.h. [Oct. 5], Reaganomics cuts Amtrak, instead of searching for improved ways to move people.

John A. Jones
Chapel Hill, N.C.

The energy consumed on the new train per passenger mile is half that of automobile travel and a quarter that of air travel, according to the French. Since trains between New York and Washington run on electricity, they could be powered with domestic coal. Who, then, benefits from the Reagan Administration's cutbacks in Amtrak?

Allen Hazen
New York City

Fowl Season

In "Bad News for the Birds" [Oct. 5] your portrayal of attitudes toward the possibility of closing the hunting season would have us believe that hunters will ignore the danger of Endrin. I am an ardent wild-fowl hunter who worries more about the long-term effects of the poisoning of birds on the ecosystem than I do about putting a duck on my plate. Many hunters will voluntarily hang their guns up this season until the verdict is in.

David J. McEldery
Plains, Mont.

Good as Gold

It is hard to believe that informed men, especially Congressmen, can seriously consider returning the U.S. to a gold standard [Oct. 5]. Tying the money supply to gold is throwing monetary control out the window and counting on the shiny metal to steer the economy. The Fed's fine-tuning of the money supply is the only intelligent way to tame the drastic fluctuations that naturally occur in the economy.

Raymond Testa
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Gold's allure does not stem from "a wishful notion that financial stability can be achieved in a fixed mechanical way, rather than by trusting human beings." The fixed mechanical way of the gold standard works by having faith in the decisions of every buyer and seller in the market, rather than the arbitrary and often capricious will of bureaucrats and politicians.

Robert B. Crim
Naugatuck, Conn.

Remember Kościuszko

Your story about Congress conferring honorary citizenship on Swedish Diplomat Raoul Wallenberg for saving Hungarian Jews [Oct. 5] says that Winston Churchill was the only other non-American similarly honored. However, you should have mentioned that Congress, acting under the Articles of Confederation in 1783, expressed its gratitude to Poland's Tadeusz Kościuszko for his services during the War of Independence. American citizenship was bestowed upon him, along with a pension and a titulary promotion to the rank of brigadier general.

Victor A. Rudowski
Clemson, S.C.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

American Scene

In New York: Tracking a Murder Suspect

The hunter: Detective William Majeski, 36, of Manhattan's Ninth Precinct. The hunted: Jack Henry Abbott, 37, ex-con (bank robbery and murder), protégé of Norman Mailer, and overnight literary sensation with the publication of his prison memoirs, *In the Belly of the Beast*. They came into conflict, unseen opponents, shortly before dawn on July 18. Answering a call for police help in the East Village, Majeski arrived to find the body of an aspiring actor named Richard Adan lying in the street. Adan, 22, had been stabbed after an argument that began in the restaurant where he worked nights.

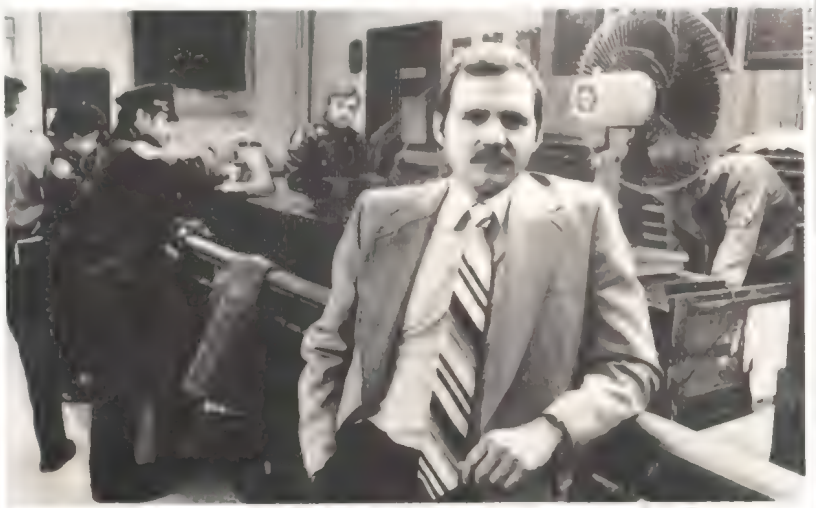
Majeski is a good cop, entirely dedicated to what he calls "the profession." That night he believed the man who had murdered Adan had to be caught "before he killed anyone else." The detective ran into a bit of luck when someone pointed out two stylish young women who had been sitting with Adan's assailant. From them, he got Abbott's name and description. Back at the station, Majeski delved into Abbott's background, trying to figure out where he would go next. Five hours after he fled the scene of the crime, Abbott brazenly kept a brunch date at the apartment of a writer friend. Majeski missed him there by a few hours, but he had picked up the scent. "The way the writer described Abbott coming in and chatting on about his plans for writing more books and taking a place in the literary world of New York told me two things I hadn't known. Abbott was scared that he had already lost his literary place. And he was getting ready to run. It also told me that I was dealing with a cold, calculating guy. Then when I talked to Norman Mailer, I got more insight, and Abbott began to take shape. Abbott had called him at 6 o'clock in the morning up in Provincetown, and Mailer wasn't happy about being pulled out of bed that early. Abbott said he'd call back later. He never did. He mistook Mailer's response for rejection. He didn't tell him anything about being in trouble. From that, I was sure that Abbott was already beginning to think that he should turn to the people he had known in prison. They were his people, his society."

Because the N.Y.P.D. doesn't have the budget to send detectives around the country on a chase, Majeski had to track Abbott by telephone. He set up a command post in the basement of his Staten Island home. Using a nationwide network of law-enforcement contacts, he plotted Abbott's moves on a map of the U.S. Majeski's reading runs from works on psychology to Sherlock Holmes, and it served him well in his remote-control manhunt. So did *In the Belly of the Beast*. "All the clues to what he is, how he thinks, what he would do were in the book."

The key, Majeski felt, was to keep the pressure on. "Abbott believed he would outsmart us all, find a place to hide and live out his life without a worry. But if he knew someone was on his trail and not giving up, then he would begin to worry." Majeski believed that Abbott would stay away from the airlines. "He'd never flown, and he wouldn't trust a plane. Besides, he's infatuated with buses. To him, they represent adventure and his dream of escape to somewhere else." Because Abbott had served a long sentence in Illinois, the detective guessed he would head for Chicago. Majeski knew that Abbott was intrigued with disguise and would probably shave off his beard, so he sent out two descriptions of the fugitive. One identifying mark: the letters J-A-C-K tattooed on four fingers of Abbott's left hand.

Within the first week, Majeski had pinpointed Abbott traveling by bus from New York to Pennsylvania, then to Washington, D.C., and finally on to Chicago. At that point he was two days behind his quarry. Majeski assumed that Abbott would visit his sister in Salt Lake City, but he turned up instead in El Paso, Texas, then in Mexico City. By now the hunter was only one day behind the hunted. But then Majeski lost the trail and did not pick it up for another week, when Abbott was sighted in Vera Cruz.

Assigned to other cases in the busy Ninth Precinct, Majeski doggedly tracked Abbott in his free time. He amassed scores of details, hoping to detect a pattern and to anticipate Abbott's moves. When the fugitive left New York City, he had $200 in his pocket. He took odd jobs to earn more money, hitchhiked when he could not afford a bus, and sometimes lived off old friends or people he met along the way, to whom he introduced himself as Jack Eastman.



Detective William Majeski in the Ninth Precinct station house, where he took up the chase

Majeski began setting the final trap when Abbott reappeared in El Paso and bought a bus ticket to New Orleans. The detective alerted police buddies in Louisiana that Abbott might go there to work as a roustabout. Abbott was spotted the day he arrived. The man with J-A-C-K on his fingers was next seen in bars where Greek seamen stuffed $5 bills into belly dancers' brassieres. As the sightings were relayed back to Staten Island, Majeski sensed that Abbott was tired of running. He was sure of it when the madam of a New Orleans whorehouse reported, "This lonely man came in and wanted to go in a dark corner with a girl, and paid for her to put her arms around him. He just shook. He didn't cry." Back in his basement command post, Majeski concluded that Abbott was a broken man, if still a vain one. As the dragnet zeroed in on four work camps where transient workers often stayed, Majeski predicted that Louisiana police would find Abbott combing his hair in front of a mirror and that he would give up without a fight. The savvy New York cop was uncannily right on both counts.

The hunter and the hunted finally came face to face last month in a Manhattan courtroom. Nodding toward Majeski, Abbott asked: "Who's he?" There was electricity in the air when he heard the name Majeski. "Yeah," Abbott said coldly, "I know him." They will see each other again early next year, when Jack Abbott goes on trial for murder. —*By Dean Brelis*

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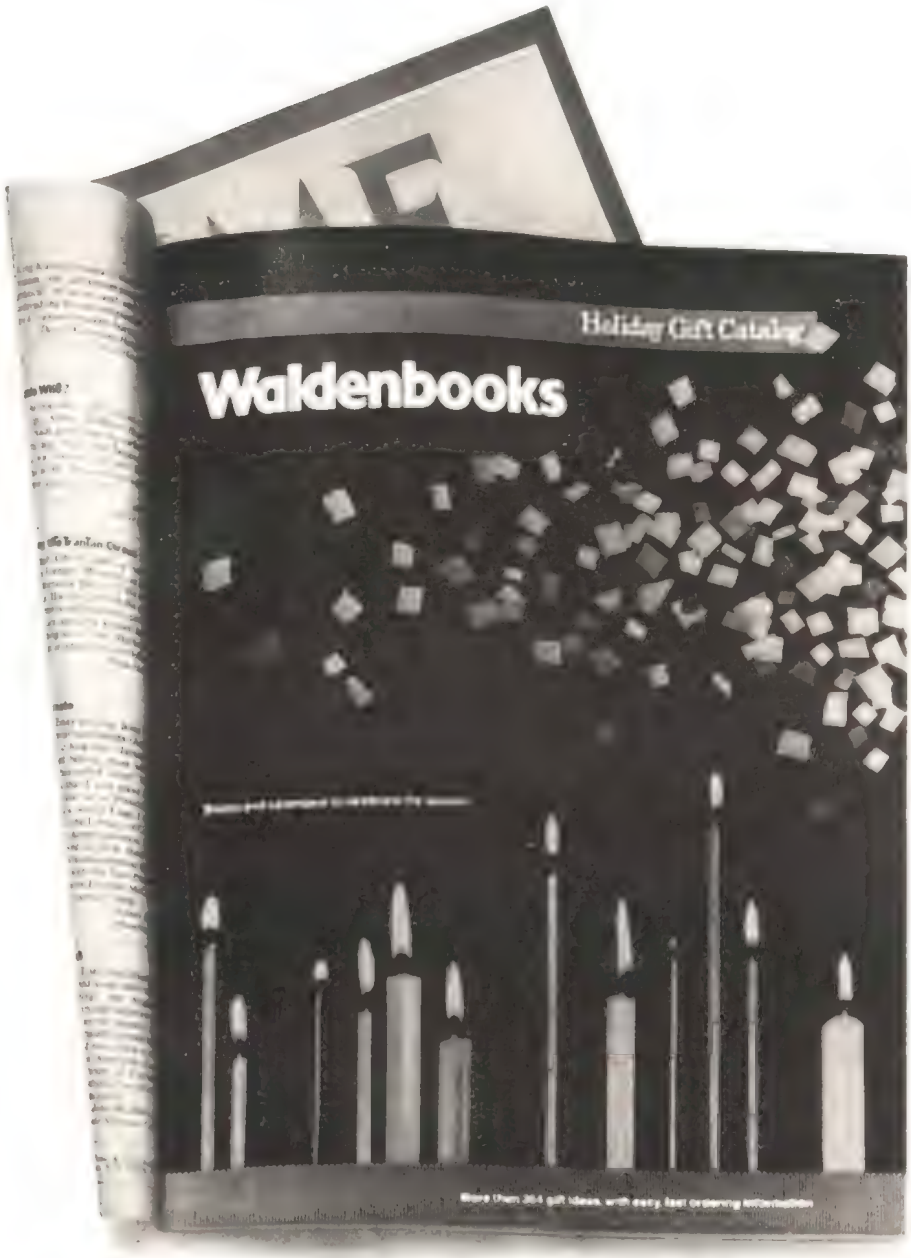

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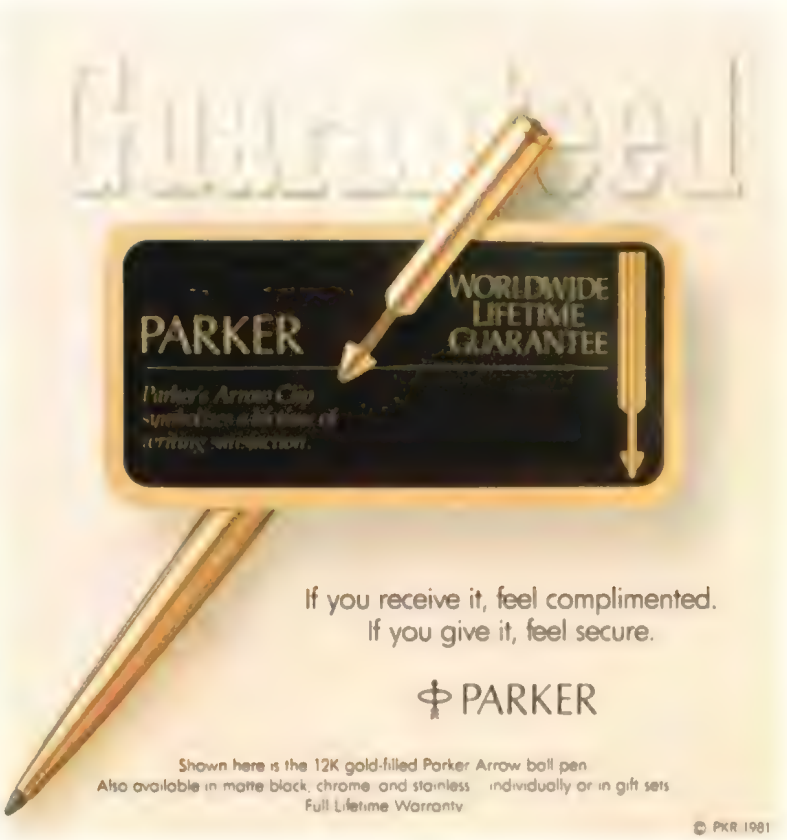

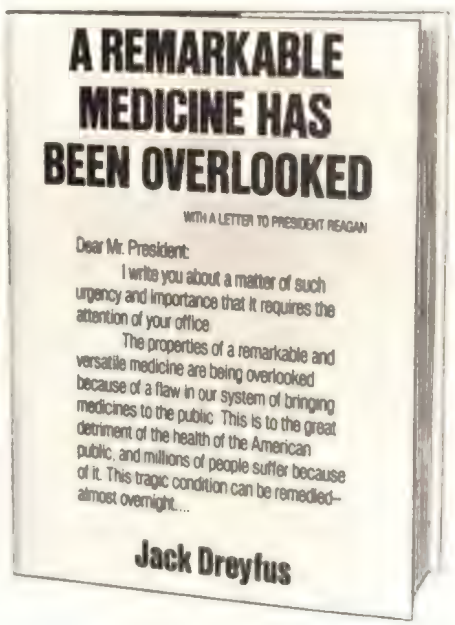

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A landscape of trouble: cooling towers loom over Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island, where the cleanup of radioactive water continues DIRCK HALSTEAD

TIME OCTOBER 26, 1981

Radiation Sickness

America's atomic program is ailing, but Reagan wants to try to cure it

The nuclear industry has had its problems lately, hasn't it?
—Robert Szalay, vice president of the Atomic Industrial Forum

Among atomic understatements, that one is a classic, ranking perhaps with initial descriptions of the March 1979 accident at Three Mile Island as "a normal aberration." Even before the near-disaster in Pennsylvania, the growth of nuclear power had been slowing steadily. Since then, it has been stopped cold. The share of the nation's electricity generated by fissioning atoms has been stuck since the Pennsylvania "event" at 11.4%, nowhere near the exalted levels that had once been expected

Even the current proportion may not be maintained for long. This month the Power Authority of the State of New York has shut down an operating reactor at Indian Point because of cracking and leakage in the plumbing of its steam generator; the cities of Austin and San Antonio have developed severe doubts about a big reactor abuilding in Texas; and a Washington State utility combine is faced with "an uncontrollable termination"—that is, complete cancellation—of two reactors under construction. Surveying the ballooning cost of building nuclear plants, Merrill Lynch, the giant investment firm, coldly suggested in March that one of the best ways for utilities to improve their financial position would be to scrap 18 of the 78 reactors for which construction permits have been issued. Since then, three of the projects on the Merrill Lynch hit list have indeed been junked.

Now, however, nuclear power advocates have found a powerful champion dedicated to reviving the industry: Ronald Reagan. In a policy statement early this month, Reagan committed his Administration to a program to speed the construction of nuclear plants. Said the President: "One of the best potential sources of new electrical energy supplies is nuclear power. [But] the Federal Government has created a regulatory climate that is forcing many utilities to rule out nuclear power as a source of new generating capacity. We must remove [these] unnecessary obstacles."

To begin with, Reagan lifted the ban imposed by Jimmy Carter in 1977 on reprocessing the uranium in spent fuel rods into plutonium, which is used in atomic bombs. That ban was supposed to help check the spread of nuclear weapons. Lifting it may in the long run help power companies get rid of some of the nuclear garbage piling up outside their plants, but its immediate impact will be small. Only one reprocessing plant now exists in the U.S., in Barnwell County, S.C., and it is operating as a research rather than as a commercial facility.

Far more important, Reagan ordered the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to speed up procedures for licensing nuclear plants, so that the time from first blueprint to the start of electricity production, which now is as long as 14 years, can be cut to six to eight years. NCR Chairman Nunzio Palladino is thinking of standardizing nuclear-plant designs. Also, Reagan ordered the Administration to work with industry on developing safe methods for the permanent disposal of nuclear wastes. The Government would like to open demonstration sites to test methods for burying atomic garbage safely underground.

Whether this multipronged program will bring any turnaround is highly problematic. Important parts of it need approval by Congress and are certain to face stiff opposition. Nuclear skeptics point to design flaws recently discovered in plants in late stages of construction as proof that lengthy licensing reviews, cumbersome though they may be, are still needed. And while everyone agrees in theory that the Government must help industry find safe methods to dispose permanently of nuclear waste, choosing the sites for demonstration dumps will be a gigantic headache. No Congressman's constitu-

ents will want to live next door to one.

Even nuclear power executives greeted the Reagan program with restrained enthusiasm. They expressed pleasure at discovering that the U.S. now has a President who is wholeheartedly in favor of nuclear power. But they cautioned that a revival of atomic power depends quite as heavily on the success of Reagan's economic program as on any specific help for their industry.

If atomic power is to have much future, the President's program of tax and budget cuts must bring down the towering interest rates that help balloon the costs of nuclear plants, which are built mostly with borrowed money. The White House also must pep up the economy enough to speed the consumption of electricity. Power demand, which was growing by about 7% a year in the early '70s, when many nuclear plants now under construction were first proposed, has leveled off at about a 3% annual increase.

For the nation as a whole this indicates salutary energy conservation as well as a sluggish economy, but for the nuclear power industry, the slower growth of electricity demand spells trouble. For example, the Tennessee Valley Authority has deferred additional work on five of the twelve reactors it is building until power consumption rises enough to justify finishing them. Says an official of the Atomic Industrial Forum, the industry lobby: "If the demand for electricity doesn't take a big leap, the demand for nuclear isn't going to either."

Meanwhile, the industry's troubles continue to deepen. On the day before the Reagan Administration announced its pro-nuclear program, a federal appeals court in California dealt the industry a heavy blow by upholding a state law that permitted California to prohibit the construction of nuclear plants until an acceptable way is found to dispose of wastes. Two U.S. district courts had earlier ruled that Washington had exclusive authority to decide which reactors should operate and which should not. But the three-judge appeals court decided that a state can enforce its own rules, as long as they do not conflict with specific federal standards governing radiation hazards. Unless reversed by the Supreme Court, the ruling means that a state can prevent operation of a reactor licensed by the Federal Government.

Even the industry's rare victories these days seem to turn to ashes. The start-up of the big Diablo Canyon plant in California last month was supposed to give nuclear power a much needed boost. Televised noisy demonstrations by protesters who contended that the plant had been built too close to an earthquake fault had failed to stop it. But then, just as fuel was about to be loaded for test production, Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the plant's owner, discovered a startling error: pipes meant for one area of the plant had been installed in another. P G & E halted operations until the foul-up could be rectified, which will happen in a month—maybe.

Moreover, Diablo Canyon is only the most conspicuous and embarrassing reverse the industry has suffered. Some other setbacks that have occurred in the past three months:

Waste dump in Hanford, Wash.

▸ Northern Indiana Public Service Co. in August permanently scrapped plans for its big Bailly plant. The estimated cost of the facility had multiplied almost ten times, from $187 million when first proposed in 1970 to $1.8 billion, but the big objection was the site. The installation is 30 miles from Chicago's Loop and 6½ miles from Gary, Ind., closer to major population centers than anyone now thinks wise

▸ Boston Edison Co. in September abandoned plans for its Pilgrim II plant in Plymouth, Mass. When first proposed in 1972, the plant was supposed to cost $402 million and begin producing electricity in 1979; by last month the cost was estimated at $4 billion and start-up projected for 1990.

▸ The city council of San Antonio this week will vote on whether to pull the city out of a project to build a nuclear plant near Bay City, Texas; residents of Austin will make a similar decision in a referendum on Nov. 3. The cities are partners with two utilities in the project, which is now expected to cost up to $4.8 billion, four times the $1.2 billion estimated in 1973, and has developed other difficulties. A consulting firm has found defects in the electrical and ventilation systems serious enough, in its judgment, to threaten the plant's ability to win an operating license

▸ Washington Public Power Supply Sys-

A victory turned to ashes: the Diablo Canyon plant in California, which survived protests only to fall victim to a foul-up on placement of pipes

The Extended Nuclear Family

While the Reagan Administration attempts to mend America's nuclear-power industry, such extensive repairs are not as yet necessary in other countries. From South Korea (one reactor) to the Soviet Union (23 reactors), the world is still looking more or less confidently to the atom for its electric power. Outside the U.S., 21 countries now have a total of 182 atomic-powered generating plants in operation, and another 138 plants are under construction.

The most advanced nuclear-energy program is in France, where 22 reactors now produce more than 30% of the country's electric power, the highest percentage in the world. During last spring's presidential campaign, Socialist Candidate François Mitterrand dismissed nuclear power as "costly and uncertain" and promised to delay nine proposed plants. But as President, Mitterrand has curbed his antinuclear rhetoric and now plans to halt only three of the plants. Reason: his government is counting on the energy provided by nuclear reactors to help fuel an ambitious program of economic revival.

In West Germany, opposition is more heated. The country now has 14 operating atomic-power stations, supplying about 10% of its electricity. During a series of recent local elections the new, environmentalist Green Party made impressive gains based largely on its opposition to the nuclear industry. Though the West German government strongly supports atomic power, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt admits he is prevented from moving as quickly as he would like. Says Schmidt: "One cannot simply force nuclear energy down people's throats."

A worker inspects the decontamination pool at a uranium-recycling plant in France

In Japan, where 22 facilities now generate 12% of the country's electricity, another 15 plants are set for completion by 1985. Yet a major mishap last March at a reactor in Tsuruga, where a ton of radioactive water leaked into nearby coastal waters, captured national headlines and fueled opposition to atomic power across the country. Japanese officials last year proposed dumping low-level wastes into the Pacific, but an international wave of protest quickly forced them to table the plan.

In Great Britain nuclear power is developing at a slow but steady pace. Eleven stations supply 13% of the nation's electricity, and another five plants are scheduled to be finished by the late '80s. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is ardently pro-nuclear, though concern for safety is growing. Says a British Energy Department official: "The Three Mile Island mishap caused us to sit back and take stock."

The Soviet Union's 23 nuclear stations generate 5.6% of the country's electricity. By 1990 the Soviets hope to meet a full one-third of energy needs in the country's European region through nuclear power. Yet an occasional dissenting voice can be heard. In October 1979, Atomic Engineer Nikolai Dollezhal and Economist Yuri Koryakin published an article in the theoretical journal *Kommunist* that warned against building more reactors in the heavily populated European region. The article's obvious warning about the safety of Soviet atomic-power plants did not please the Kremlin. A group of top-level Soviet scientists was assembled at an unusual news conference to denounce the article

tem last week failed to raise $150 million in emergency loans from participating utilities and prospective customers for two nuclear plants in the state. It had sought the cash not to continue construction on the reactors, but merely to put them in mothballs for two years. Lacking the money to do that, WPPSS (pronounced whoops) this week will consider proposals for scrapping the plants.

As if all that were not enough, the industry is still plagued with the problem of cleaning up after the Three Mile Island accident. The mishap left the containment building of TMI Unit No. 2 awash in eight feet of radioactive water. Decontamination crews late last month began moving the water through filters designed to remove radioactive material. The water will then be pumped into storage tanks on the island and held until the remaining radioactivity drops low enough to permit it to be dumped somewhere or other, which could take 40 to 50 years.

The cleanup will cost an estimated $1 billion. General Public Utilities Corp., parent company of the plant's operator, has spent all the money it could recover from insurers and is $760 million short. Pennsylvania Governor Richard Thornburgh has proposed a complex plan under which the cost would be split among G.P.U., other utility companies, the Federal Government and the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, where G.P.U. also operates.

In Thornburgh's view, success for his plan is the key to the survival of nuclear power. Says the Governor: "If this nation does not raise the $760 million I am told it will take to remove a certified threat to the health and safety of Pennsylvanians, it certainly has no business debating public and private investment in nuclear energy for the rest of the country." So far, portents are favorable. The utility industry has decided to chip in, and David Stockman, Reagan's chief budget slasher, announced a few days ago that the Administration would ask Congress to contribute. He did not specify an amount, but the federal share is estimated at $100 million.

Even after that, can the nuclear industry be rescued? And should it be? There are still compelling arguments in favor of atomic electricity: it does provide an alternative to imported oil, and for all the justified concern over safety, no consumer has yet been killed in an atomic accident. But nuclear plants are turning out to be extremely expensive to build, and their advantage in operating costs over coal-fired plants has dwindled to the vanishing point; the Department of Energy figures that in 1980 nuclear reactors produced electricity at an operating cost of 2.32¢ per kilowatt hour, *vs.* 2.33¢ for coal-fired plants. For all Reagan's backing, the industry has yet to prove that it can deliver power safely at an acceptable cost. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington and Peter Stoler/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

In a World Without Anwar Sadat

The U.S. begins reshaping its Middle East policies

As the consequences of the assassination of Anwar Sadat began to permeate Washington last week, the Reagan Administration found itself scrambling to patch together answers, however temporary, to a host of delicate questions raised by the death of the Egyptian leader. How best to beef up the regime of Hosni Mubarak, Sadat's successor? How to keep the Libyans at bay in the Sudan? Perhaps most important, how to speed up the Egyptian-Israeli talks on Palestinian autonomy? At stake is not only the influence of the United States in a crucial part of the globe, but, ultimately, issues of peace or war in the Middle East.

It was hardly propitious, then, that the Administration's plan to sell five Airborne Warning and Control System planes to Saudi Arabia was rebuffed in Congress twice last week. After four hours of debate, the House of Representatives rejected the AWACS deal, as expected. But the wide margin of the defeat, 301 to 111, sobered the White House. The next day the Senate Foreign Relations Committee also voted against the sale, 9 to 8. Though the Administration had expected to lose that vote as well, Reagan lobbied committee members by telephone right to the last minute, and supporters of the sale took heart that the vote was so close. Said Republican Majority Leader Howard Baker: "We have a good chance to win this thing. The momentum is going our way."

The AWACS deal can be blocked only if both chambers reject it. So the Administration is pushing hard for approval from the full Senate, which is now scheduled to vote on the matter next week. Some of the White House lobbying has been less than subtle: in a swap for their votes, Democrat Dennis DeConcini of Arizona was informed that Reagan would not campaign against him next year, while Republican Charles Grassley of Iowa was told that his choice for U.S. Attorney back home would be quickly nominated. A more promising tactic to woo votes is the Administration's proposal to send a presidential letter of "certification" to Congress assuring members that certain conditions for the deal (U.S. access to the data collected by the AWACS, for example) will be met.

While continuing to fight for the Saudi deal on Capitol Hill, the Administration also moved rapidly to send a strong signal of support to both Egypt and its beleaguered neighbor, the Sudan, which is threatened by the presence of 7,000 Libyan troops in nearby Chad. After conferring in Cairo with Mubarak and Sudanese President Gaafar Nimeiri following Sadat's funeral, Secretary of State Alexander Haig announced that the U.S. would speed up the delivery of arms already promised to Egypt and the Sudan. In addition, Washington last week dispatched two AWACS planes from the U.S. to Egypt both to symbolize U.S. commitment and to improve that country's air surveillance of Libya. Finally, officials in Washington and Cairo were still working out details of a monthlong joint military training exercise, code-named "Bright Star," scheduled to begin next month in Egypt. Some 4,000 U.S. troops will take part in the maneuvers, which were planned months before Sadat's death. The Sudan will join the exercise, and Washington is trying to persuade Oman and Somalia to participate too.

There are hazards and limitations to all the new U.S. initiatives. Next month's display of military muscle may have scant effect on Libyan attempts to cause trouble in Egypt and the Sudan. U.S. support for Mubarak must strike a careful balance so as not to cast him as little more than a U.S. puppet, imperiling his fledgling hold on his country. The U.S. may also have difficulty delivering on its weapons promises, for the Pentagon has few arms to spare. Both M60 tanks and air defense missiles, for example, are in short supply.

The Administration is working to combat the far more insidious threat of Libyan subversion of the Sudan. It is trying to prop up the country's faltering economy by offering $100 million in nonmilitary aid this year and enlisting financial help from other nations, especially Saudi Arabia, and the International Monetary Fund. The strategic importance of the Sudan is undeniable: the country controls the headwaters of the Nile. Says one State Department official: "If the Sudan falls, Egypt follows."

If the Administration is ready to put more military muscle in the region, it has been decidedly less willing, so far at least, to exercise its influence in a matter of equal importance: persuading Israel to work out an accord on Palestinian autonomy with Egypt. Enough progress on this issue might allow Mubarak to mend his ties with other moderate Arabs, especially the Saudis. If little or no progress is made, however, Mubarak will be under increasing pressure from his Arab neighbors to break Egypt's commitment to the Camp David accords, and to Israel and the U.S. as well.

The Israelis and Egyptians are scheduled to renew the autonomy talks next week in Israel, but Israeli Interior Minister Yosef Burg said last week there had been "no change" in Jerusalem's position. Indeed, Israeli officials were incensed by the suggestion made by former Presidents Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter that the U.S. would eventually have to negotiate with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Though Reagan reaffirmed his policy against talking with the P.L.O. until it recognizes Israel's right to exist, the Administration is fervently hoping that Begin will make a gesture of accommodation at next week's autonomy talks. Reagan may also finally get around to appointing a special U.S. envoy to the talks to ensure that the negotiations will have a better chance of succeeding by next April. That is when Israel is scheduled to return to Egypt the last slice of the Sinai, the legacy of a man whose violent removal from the Middle East may make future progress toward peace vastly more difficult. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Johanna McGeary and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

Flight of Three Presidents

Old animosities fall away on a historic mission of mourning

There had been nothing quite like it in American history: three former Presidents sharing the cabin of an Air Force jet as they flew to the funeral of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Cairo. From talks with many of the dignitaries aboard the plane, TIME's *Washington Contributing Editor Hugh Sidey put together the following account of their extraordinary mission of mourning.*

By mid-afternoon on the day of Sadat's assassination, White House aides had decided that Ronald Reagan could not risk attending the services. The hazard to Vice President George Bush might be just as grave. Out of necessity came a unique act of national unity and historical significance: the launching of the plane of Presidents toward Cairo.

Carter, Ford and Nixon share some common interests on the way to Cairo for Sadat's funeral

Warmth replaced coolness as three men sipped again from the cup of power.

Jimmy Carter and Richard Nixon had already signaled the White House that they wanted to attend the funeral. Reagan decided to make it a full house. White House staffers tracked down Gerald Ford in New York, and he eagerly signed on. Then the White House and State Department began the frantic and difficult job of selecting the rest of the official party and assigning the 52 seats for guests and crew on board SAM (for Special Air Missions) 26000. (The code name Air Force One is reserved to any Air Force plane with the incumbent President aboard.) The aircraft was the same Boeing 707 on which Lyndon Johnson was sworn in, and which carried the body of John Kennedy from Dallas to Washington, D.C. Pleas for space came in by the dozens, including one from Plains, Ga., for Rosalynn Carter. Wives had initially not been invited, but Rosalynn felt so strongly about Sadat that the Carters said they would travel to Cairo on their own if there was no space for her. A seat for Rosalynn was set aside. There was also one for 14-year-old Sam Brown, of Liberty, S.C., who had written a touching letter to Sadat.

The Air Force dispatched two Jet-Stars and a C-9 transport to gather the Presidents. Joe Canzeri, the White House's wizard on transportation arrangements, began a frantic 48 hours of orchestration. Secretary of State Alexander Haig was official leader of the party, so he got the "Presidential Suite" on board 26000 ("The diplomatic way out," joked Haig). Irony flashed through the minds of the arrangers. Two cabins behind Haig would ride Nixon and former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, for whom Haig had worked as a lesser aide. Such is the span of fleeting power.

First behind Haig's suite came the lounge assigned to staff. The Presidents came next in a cabin with two tables. Nixon and Ford were placed side by side facing Kissinger and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. On the other side of the aisle were the Carters and Mr. and Mrs. Ashraf Ghorbal. Egypt's wise Ambassador to the U.S. was heading home on the most somber journey he had ever undertaken. In other seats were military and diplomatic dignitaries, Senators and Congressmen and a three-man press pool.

They came together for their flight late Thursday afternoon. Canzeri made certain that the Presidents landed in Washington at precisely the same time, and shared a helicopter to the White House for Reagan's eloquent farewell. "One of the finest speeches I've ever heard," praised Ford, speaking of the brief, touching text crafted finally by Reagan from material assembled by his staff. Then they hurried back onto the chopper to lift off for Andrews Air Force Base. Looking down at the White House, Nixon, struggling to break the ice, said, "I kind of like that house down there, don't you?" Old angers and hatreds were beginning to fall away.

Meantime, Air Force Lieut. Colonel Monty Stokes, 26000's pilot, glanced over his gleaming ship. It had been plied with Turtle Wax, polished, cleaned, fueled and stocked. Terry Yamada, the chief steward, remembered that Ford liked butter-pecan ice cream, and he requisitioned a couple of quarts. He added some Don Diego cigars for Nixon, a secret indulgence. Yamada made certain that he had enough footies and eye masks for the 23-hr. 35-min. round-trip journey. Crab claws, beef tenderloins and breakfast eggs were stacked in the galley.

To give the Presidents a touch of the old class, Canzeri had rustled up matches with their names printed on the covers along with the Presidential Seal. Briefing books on the funeral (unclassified) and on the political dangers following Sadat's death (classified) were neatly laid out in the seats. At 7:45 p.m. SAM 26000 lumbered into the air.

From their seats, Illinois Senator Charles Percy and Sol Linowitz, Carter's former Middle East envoy, peered forward, curious about the Presidents. There had been a detectable coolness between Ford and Carter, even between Ford and Nixon. Suddenly Carter pulled on his beige cardigan sweater. Ford stood up in shirt sleeves. Nixon joined them in his blue suit. As a White House photographer began to click away, Nixon ran interference with self-deprecating one-liners: "They don't want pictures with me." But they did. Congressman Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin and William Broomfield of Michigan asked for autographs.

Rosalynn toured the cabin shaking hands. Nixon was meticulously polite to her. But he seemed defensive as he walked up and down the aisle. Eyes carefully shrouded, looking right and left. Ready to reach for a hand to shake, but only if it was proffered. He would not force himself on others. Yet beneath the reserve he was clearly jubilant. He was back where it counted, at the center of things. One observer watched him with a kind of tender contempt. How could he—and yet why not? Nixon had been disgraced, the other two had been turned down by the electorate; all, for those few hours, were sipping again at the cup of power. It went to all three presidential heads.

As they stood in the aisle, they be-

gan to call each other Dick, Jerry and Jimmy ("The first time," laughed Carter later). Nixon had a martini, maybe two, and gulped peanuts by the handful. Ford, wearing a red golf sweater now, had his pipe. As the talk mounted, Carter perched on the arm of a seat. Everyone shared Sadat stories. The universal respect and affection for the murdered leader was truly remarkable. The Presidents next turned to the dangers ahead in the Middle East. The conversation swung to the proposed sale of AWACS planes to Saudi Arabia. The discussion became curiously vehement, with each of the Presidents emphasizing his support. If the Senate turned down the AWACS deal, they agreed, America's relationship with the Saudis would undergo a dangerous change.

At one point, Al Haig came back and quietly sought out Kissinger. Just as he boarded the plane, Haig explained, he had been handed cables from the U.S. embassy in Jidda, wondering about giving a dinner for Nixon. My God, asked Haig, was Nixon going to Saudi Arabia? By this time, White House Aide Mike Deaver was calling 26000 with the same question. Kissinger agreed to ask discreetly what was going on. Ever the conspirator, Nixon threw his hands in the air. He was not sure, he claimed. He had invitations to visit several nations in the Middle East. Whether the Saudis would let him come had not yet been resolved.

It was plain to see that at the center of the tiny cylindrical stage hurtling through the sky over the Atlantic was none other than the rascal of the age, Richard Milhous Nixon. The other two Presidents watched him. Jimmy Carter could not contain his curiosity. Former Press Secretary Jody Powell noticed that Carter stayed with Nixon. They talked about China and some of the personalities in Washington ("How wicked that must have been!" chortled one witness).

House Majority Leader James Wright studied the three Presidents with a bit of Texas melancholia. Twenty years earlier he had gone to a small Baptist church in Bonham to say a farewell to a great American, Sam Rayburn. On that day, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson had shared a cramped pew. Wright had never forgotten the moment, and thought he would never see anything like it again. But here before him was a similar scene. Nixon came to Wright's seat and shook his hand. Then he reached back into that crammed cerebrum and recalled the time when Wright had sponsored a resolution calling for a peaceful settlement of the Viet Nam War. Nixon was still grateful.

Common interests arose. The Presidents talked of their libraries (Ford's, and Nixon's and Carter's to be), of writing books and just living as an ex-President (pretty good). All three men seemed to swell a bit as the evening wore on. Warmth replaced coolness. Each man, in his own way, sensed that he was back on a stage, that he could make a little more favorable history for himself.

Whispering her thoughts to a fellow passenger, Rosalynn Carter expressed genuine surprise at how nice Nixon was. Henry Kissinger decided again what a terrible shame it was that Ford had not been re-elected. Sol Linowitz worried that if he dozed off, great events might happen at his side and he would never know.

A scholar in the party concluded that there indeed was "a community of former Presidents." Proud and independent men, they could not normally treat one another as close friends. But under these extraordinary conditions they could share their special burdens and experiences in a way appreciated only by the small club. Why, one observer asked himself, should they not meet every month or two with Reagan and just talk the night away? What benefit to each other, and perhaps to the nation as well? But when the flight ended, they would once again be forced to be wary of each other. A shame.

Ford talked Michigan politics with Broomfield. Nixon toured the world horizon with Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Percy. They covered NATO (more defense needed) and Japan (the same) and the Palestinian issue (it lies at the heart of any Middle East peace). Nixon suddenly grabbed Percy's hand. "Chuck Percy has stood by the Presidents in foreign policy," he said, forgetting old differences. Ford seconded the tribute. Kissinger felt good. The Presidents were all saying the right things, he thought.

A ripple of concern was felt about security. One man admitted that for the first time in his political life, his family had not wanted him to go on such a mission. All three Presidents had bulletproof vests. Some other dignitaries did not. (On the day of the funeral, Percy climbed into a limousine with Nixon, Ford and Kissinger and noted that the three were sitting like penguins. "My, but you look erect," said the unsuspecting Percy. "Where's your flak vest?" he was asked. It suddenly dawned on him that between him and any bullet were only two layers of Brooks Bros.' best tailoring. "Let me sit behind you," Percy said wryly.)

SAM 26000 dropped out of the sky at Torrejón Airbase near Madrid to refuel. As night vanished and Egypt with its sorrow appeared, some of the magic of the assembly was dispelled. At a dinner for the American delegation in Cairo's El Salam Hotel, the three Presidents seemed to revert to form in their toasts. Carter talked of his personal relationship with Sadat. Ford spoke straightforwardly as a representative of the American people. Nixon gave one of his oblique rambling tributes to the banquet waiters and servants, those not famous or "infamous." Protocol had seated Kissinger next to 14-year-old Sam Brown. With a mixture of humor and wounded pride, the former Secretary of State remarked that he had not really traveled 13,000 miles to talk to a kid, delightful as he might be. Kissinger was discreetly reseated.

At the funeral ceremonies the three Presidents had to share the sun with other luminaries. Linowitz, trying to avoid being pushed into the ribs of a President, stepped onto the royal shoes of Britain's Prince Charles. He marveled at what a boy from Trenton, N.J., was doing there.

When the Americans reassembled after the funeral ceremonies for the long flight back home, Nixon was off on his singular mission. The circle of three broken, Ford and Carter were ready for their joint press conference. There was shock in Jerusalem and surprise in Washington when they agreed that sooner or later the U.S. would have to deal with the Palestine Liberation Organization, as the search for Middle East peace resumed in the wake of Sadat's death. Jody Powell found himself running the Xerox machine as in days of yore. And some travelers thought they saw in Rosalynn's eyes a longing for the old grandeur. So it went, on the most remarkable jet journey of our time. ■

Letter Bomb

Tough talk at the U.N.

When foreign ministers and United Nations ambassadors from 93 Third World delegations concluded a meeting at U.N. headquarters in New York on Sept. 28 by issuing a one-sided anti-American communiqué, few delegates took much notice. After all, the 21-page declaration had been designed and pushed through by Cuban Foreign Minister Isidoro Malmierca Peoli, hardly an admirer of the U.S., and it repeated the standard litany of Third World gripes about American power. But the reaction of American U.N. Ambassador Jeane J. Kirkpatrick was anything but routine.

Kirkpatrick wrote to leaders of a number of Third World delegations regarded as moderately friendly to the U.S. She demanded to know how the delegates could have supported "base lies and malicious attacks upon the good name of the United States." Such views, she said, are not "an accurate reflection of your government's outlook. And yet, what are we to think when your government joins in such charges, for that is what you have done in failing to disassociate yourself from them." Kirkpatrick was merely taking the same hard line against anti-Americanism among nonaligned countries laid down by former U.N. Ambassador Daniel Patrick Moynihan, yet diplomats at the U.N. were atwitter, grumbling that the letter was unmatched in its undiplomatic tone.

Kirkpatrick

The letter is very much in keeping with Kirkpatrick's style at the U.N. Although friends say she is shy and a bit uncomfortable with the social aspects of her job, many of her colleagues consider her "schoolmarmish" and "uppity," as one put it. Friends and foes alike consider Kirkpatrick's staff inexperienced and inept. In the past, members of the U.S. mission would keep abreast of a nonaligned meeting, quietly emphasize Washington's interests and encourage friendly delegations to exercise restraint. This time, no one from the U.S. was around to monitor the proceedings. One angry recipient of the Kirkpatrick letter sniffed that she was like "the absent parent who scolds her child for misbehavior committed in her absence."

Officials at the White House say they were not shown a draft of the letter in advance. Still, as one senior official at State said, "it reflects thinking at the top." Added a White House aide very much at the top: "We don't feel like just sitting there and letting them spit in our faces." ■

Unification Church leader preaching: tax cheat or Government victim?

Of Moon and Mammon

The Korean evangelist is charged with tax evasion

When it comes to legal troubles, there is nothing much new under the heavens for the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the South Korean evangelist who since 1971 has claimed to be acting in the U.S. under direct instructions from Jesus Christ. Parents whose teen-age children have been lured away from home and into Moon's Unification Church have lodged kidnaping charges against the church. New York City tax authorities have won court rulings declaring that religion is not the "primary purpose" of the church and that some of its property in the city is thus not exempt from taxation. The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service is seeking to deport Moon and his wife Hak Ja Han, contending that she falsified papers to gain status as a permanent resident alien, making her husband's residency illegal too

Moon's toughest challenge yet from the temporal powers came last week, when a federal grand jury in Manhattan indicted the Korean for tax evasion and conspiracy. The detailed 19-page indictment, presented by the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, charges that Moon and one of his chief aides, Takeru Kamiyama, conspired to evade federal income taxes and that Moon filed three false tax returns for the years 1973, 1974 and 1975. Kamiyama helped Moon file the alleged false returns and is accused of submitting false documents and lying to the grand jury.

Specifically, the indictment charges that between March 1973 and December 1975, Moon deposited some $1.6 million, mostly in cash, in bank accounts held solely in his name at the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York. According to the indictment, these accounts earned $112,000 in interest, which Moon failed to report as income. It was taxable, the Government contends, because he used the funds for "personal and business purposes," not for church-related religious expenses. The indictment also states that Moon and Kamiyama in 1973 formed a company, Tong Il Enterprises, to import ginseng tea and other items from Korea for sale in the U.S. Moon received $50,000 worth of stock in the corporation, claims the indictment, but he did not report the receipt of the stock as taxable income.

As they have in the face of past legal actions, officials of Moon's church said that he and the church were the victims of Government harassment. Mose Durst, president of the U.S. branch of the church, linked the indictment with "the assassination of President Sadat, the attempted assassinations of President Reagan and the Pope," and charged the Government with "the attempted assassination of the Rev. Mr. Moon and the 3 million members of the Unification Church." He contended that the money in Moon's account had been "held in the Rev. Mr. Moon's name for the benefit of the church" and that all of it had been spent for church purposes. He accused acting U.S. Attorney William M. Tendy, whose office sought the indictment, of "looking for cheap headlines, not justice." Added Durst: "Ronald Reagan said that he was going to get the Government off our backs; he didn't say that he was going to put it around our necks."

As for Moon, he was apparently out of the U.S., perhaps in Europe, and his aides said they were unable to reach him. If convicted of the conspiracy and tax evasion charges, he could be sentenced to up to 14 years in prison. Alternatively, he could also be deported. The Justice Department did not seem eager last week to launch an international search to bring Moon back to the U.S. so that he could be tried and, if found guilty, expelled. ■

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A marksman in a guard tower stands watch over fear-filled yards at New Mexico State Penitentiary near Santa Fe

"Hellhouse" Becomes a Madhouse

Tension builds again at a prison that exploded

"They're all paranoid and turning on each other," says Deputy Warden Lloyd Mixdorf. Warns Classifications Officer John Byers: "It's a madhouse. Everyone's thinking of either squealing or of who will squeal." Contends a state prison monitor, Daniel Cron: "The atmosphere is explosive. The prison is not under control."

The object of all the apprehension is New Mexico State Penitentiary, surely the nation's most notorious prison. Sprawling across a dusty mesa outside Santa Fe, the stark gray pen—which guards and inmates alike call "the hellhouse"—was the site of one of the country's worst prison riots. In February of last year convicts went berserk, killing 33 fellow prisoners, some with acetylene torches. Many of the victims were suspected of having broken the sacred code of cons everywhere: never snitch. Now trials are either over, under way, or imminent for 27 inmates charged with murder in the riot—and this, in turn, has inspired more bloodshed. Explains Joanne Brown, director of Adult Institutions and one of the state's top prison officials: "Everybody is a potential witness against everybody else. No one knows who will testify against them, and that breeds tension."

In the 20 months since the riot, six inmates and two guards have been slain. Up to 75 other convicts and guards have been stabbed or beaten. For the past seven weeks the institution has been run under state-of-emergency rules, with many prisoners locked up most of the day. A blue-suited SWAT team rushes sporadically through cell blocks, sometimes after midnight, to shake down prisoners for weapons. More than 100 assorted shivs and shanks (rodlike weapons often shaped from mop-bucket handles), as well as revolvers, have been seized. A sniper in one of the guard towers has shoot-to-kill orders. A trailer van bulging with shotguns, tear gas and riot gear waits outside the prison walls.

The emergency was declared on Aug. 30, when Guard Gerald Magee, 33, was slain in Cellblock Six, a maximum-security area. His screams for help had rung out far beyond the block as a group of five convicts made an unsuccessful break for freedom. It took three hours before other guards could reach him. He was dead, his hands shackled behind him and half a dozen stab wounds in his chest. Investigators doubt that the would-be escapees who took him hostage had done it. They suspect three Chicano convicts, one a member of Los Carnales, a prison gang whose membership requirement is a past murder.

Why was Magee killed? He had been on the job only 14 months. Yet shortly before he died, he had told a police friend that two prison supervisors were making illegal profits from their jobs and that there was large-scale fraud in the prison furniture shop. Moreover, he had given his fiancée tape recordings of prison conversations that she had locked up in a safe deposit box. State and federal investigators listened to the tapes but refused to reveal their contents. Declares Guard Ken Mock, 38: "I have no doubt that Gerry was set up."

The atmosphere of intrigue and fear in the prison has continued despite the willingness of the New Mexico legislature to spend $90 million on improving the institution's facilities. The operating budget has been boosted by 39%. Overcrowding, considered a partial cause of the riot, has been alleviated: the prison population is down from 1,157 to 675. Still, a third of the convicts remain housed in army-style dormitories, an arrangement that many penologists say breeds conflict and gang rule.

At the same time, most of the reforms urged by the state agencies that looked into the riot remain to be carried out. After inmates brought a civil rights lawsuit in federal court, prison officials signed a consent decree to put 624 new regulations into effect. But Daniel Cron, a lawyer hired by the state to monitor compliance, claimed in a blistering 482-page report last May that more than half of the changes had not been made. State prison officials then fired him. They took him back only after the lawyer for the convicts threatened to seek a contempt of court judgment against them.

In the persisting poisonous climate, even guards do not trust one another. The veteran turnkeys consider the many rookies too green and soft. "We've got young men going up against inmates with 20 years' experience," observes Deputy Warden Mixdorf. "The prisoners can psych us out." The turnover in guards is high. "A new man is hired, the gates close behind him, he panics and quits on the spot," says Officer Byers. The younger guards, on the other hand, contend that each shift captain makes up his own rules for running the cell blocks. Prisoners seem baffled by the inconsistency. One convict was thrown into solitary for wearing a knit cap and tennis shoes; others have been handcuffed to their beds for little apparent reason. Says John Palladini, a discharged New Mexico convict who has served time in four federal prisons: "New Mexico is worse than any place, since the harassment is irrational. There's no consistency. There's only vindictiveness."

More than 300 prisoners have signed a petition asking that federal authorities take over day-to-day operation of the penitentiary. Meanwhile, everyone worries about another bloody riot. Prison officials admit that they are helpless to control the violence inside the walls. The exercise yard of Cellblock Three, where some of the most violent cons are kept, is so dangerous that guards require each convict to sign an unusual form before he steps into it. The document releases the state from liability for anything that might happen to him while he is in the yard. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Santa Fe*

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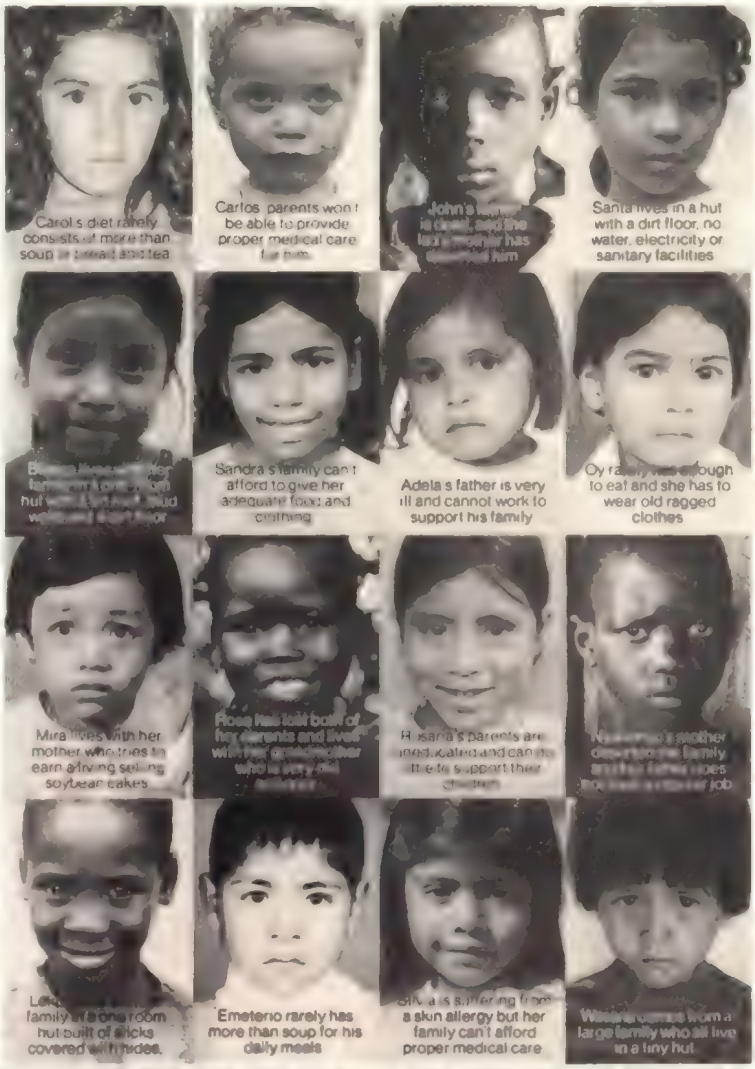

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COVER STORY

Arming the World

Out of control and no limits in sight

The scene was shocking, but it was an aptly ironic image of the times. A winner of the Nobel Peace Prize shot by soldiers—his own—wielding Soviet AK-47s (market price: $750), who had jumped from a Soviet Zil truck (price: $18,000) that was towing a North Korean antitank gun ($35,000). In the background American-made M60 battle tanks ($2 million each) rumbled on in the parade of Egyptian military might, while six French Mirage jet fighters ($2.5 million) flew overhead in tight formation. Across the Islamic world, from Tripoli to Tehran, the assassination of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was celebrated by bursts of bullets from every revolutionary's favorite automatic weapon. More than 10 million AK-47s, designed by Mikhail Kalashnikov, are now in circulation throughout the world.

And in the wake of Sadat's murder, how was tribute paid to the memory of this man? With wreaths of weaponry, offered in the name of peace. As a warning to Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, whose country is a veritable Soviet arsenal, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig promised to speed shipments of new bombers and tanks to Egypt. An American delegation visited the Sudan, where Libya's Soviet-supplied jets have been bombing border villages, and promised to try to deliver quickly $100 million worth of military equipment to a jittery President Gaafar Nimeiri. Meanwhile, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was in Pakistan, where she urged more Western weapons sales to protect that country from a possible attack by Soviet forces occupying Afghanistan. Then she flew in one of Pakistan's Soviet Mi-8 helicopters to the Khyber Pass, where she talked to an Afghan border guard sporting, of course, an AK-47.

There is no question that Egypt, the Sudan and Pakistan all have legitimate security concerns. Yet last week's pronouncements provided further proof of what has long since become an alarming and accelerating commonplace: for large and small nations alike, weapons sales have become the chief tool of diplomacy. "They are now major strands in the warp and woof of world politics," writes Foreign Policy Analyst Andrew Pierre in a forthcoming book, *The Global Politics of Arms Sales*. "They are foreign policy writ large." No longer content with surplus matériel from the arsenals of the superpowers, smaller nations are demanding state-of-the-art equipment in everything from fighters to frigates. Even as they deplore the build-up and fear its consequences, the major arms sellers echo the old dirge of 19th century slave traders: "If we don't sell, someone else will." The only effective restraint on the seller, it seems, is the difficulty in beating competitors to the most lucrative contracts.

Not only nations are being armed. Inevitably, weapons flow into the hands of self-proclaimed freedom fighters, terrorists and fanatics and, alas, the children whose legacy it is to be born into a world of arms. One of the 20th century's enduring images may be that of a sad-eyed adolescent cuddling an automatic rifle as if it were a toy.

The world arms bazaar is a Rubik's Cube of complex and shifting relationships and one of the world's largest businesses: last year weapons transfers amounted to perhaps $120 billion.* Weapons are indisputably a growth industry of the '70s and '80s. During the past decade, sales have leaped forward as never before, spurred by a superpower struggle to gain Third World allies and a leap in oil prices that brought eager buyers into the market.

*Global figures are elusive because of governmental secrecy and the difficulty in determining dollar equivalents for various armaments and their related support systems. Most authoritative sources, such as U.S. Government reports and the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) yearbook, include only officially sanctioned and publicly reported sales of major conventional weapons.

Last year alone, agreements with the Third World jumped a whopping 43%. The trade now about equals the world's transfers of food.

The Soviets have spurted upward to challenge the U.S. for the dubious distinction of being the dominant merchant of death. But President Reagan has ended most of the restraints imposed by Jimmy Carter, in the interest of supporting any nation that satisfies his loose definition of a bastion against Communism. No longer are close allies considered the best buyers. The most cultivated customers, both for the Soviets and the Western powers, are developing countries. More than $18.3 billion in major weapons were delivered last year to the Third World—compared with $8 billion in 1975—and contracts were signed for $41 billion in future deliveries. Total economic aid to developing countries by industrialized countries averages around $20 billion a year.

An admixture of wealth, rivalry and instability has made the Middle East a brimming cauldron of the trade, accounting for a third of the world's arms deals. From 1973 to 1980, Middle East and South Asian countries received from the major exporters 4,050 combat planes; 25,250 tanks, self-propelled guns and artillery; 21,680 armored personnel carriers; 26,020 surface-to-air missiles, and countless rifles and machine guns.

A bizarre showcase for all this lethal hardware is the 13-month-old Persian Gulf conflict. Iraq has been using Soviet MiG jets, French Mirage jets, Brazilian Urutu armored personnel carriers, and Soviet T-72 tanks to fight Iran's American F-4 jets, British Chieftain tanks and Italian-built Chinook helicopters. "The Iran-Iraq arms buildup is a classic case of internal pressures and external fears combining to produce a disaster," says a diplomat who has served in both countries.

Although the U.S. and the Soviet Union have halted direct shipments to the combatants, the flow of arms to the warring parties seems inexorably controlled by demand. Egypt has sent to Baghdad, via Jordan, some of the obsolete Soviet weapons that it is replacing with American arms. In the midst of the fighting, France delivered to Iraq four Mirage jets that had been ordered before the war broke out. Iran has turned to North Korea and even Israel in search of spare parts and supplies. Many of the deals have been negotiated by shadowy European middlemen who deal in cash commissions, not moral questions. Says one who knows the trade: "Things are bound to turn up on the international arms market, including U.S. equipment abandoned in Viet Nam, when countries like Iran are offering cash for American weapons in quantity."

Small arms are a smaller problem. On the outskirts of Tabriz in northern Iran, as in hundreds of similar sites in the Third World, entrepreneurs have set up tent city arms bazaars offering everything from used Soviet and Chinese AK-47s (Soviet model: $150; Chinese copy: $75) to new U.S. Colt .45 automatic pistols ($300), all of which have found their way from armies to the underground.

GORGORI—CONTACT

In Iran: a boy faces the world with a German 7.62-mm rifle

An even livelier, or perhaps deadlier, trade is in war-torn Lebanon. Says one expert: "There are more machine guns than umbrellas in this country. If you wanted ten tons of explosives tomorrow, all you'd have to do is put up the cash." Among the dealers is a former President of the country. One reason for the giant market is that Lebanon has about 40 different armed militias. They occasionally purchase their weapons directly from the 30,000 Syrian soldiers stationed in the country, who can always get more from the Soviets. British Writer Anthony Sampson describes one recycling process in his book *The Arms Bazaar*: "Ghana had a stock of Kalashnikovs bought from Nigeria, which had previously been bought by the Biafran army from Israel, which had captured them from the Egyptians and Syrians in the 1967 war. Ghana was now glad to sell them off profitably to the Lebanese Christians, and thus they returned to the Middle East."

The 14,000-man force of the Palestine Liberation Organization in Lebanon is amply supplied with AK-47s, as well as American M-16s and even some famed Israeli UZI submachine guns that were acquired from Arab dealers on the West Bank. Also in the P.L.O. arsenal are 60 Soviet T-34 tanks. Sympathetic Arab countries such as Algeria, Syria and Libya generally do the buying for the Palestinians with financing provided by Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Estimates are that the P.L.O. received $100 million worth of arms last year alone.

Saudi Arabia has replaced Iran as the largest importer in the region. Like the late Shah, who allegedly slept with copies of *Aviation Week & Space Technology* next to his bed, the Saudis feel that for their cash on the barrel they are entitled to the very best. While public attention has been focused on the congressional debate over the proposed sale of five AWACS surveil-

In El Salvador: a girl watches troops ride by on a German UR-416 armored personnel carrier

"The spread of conventional weaponry threatens stability in every region of the world."

At the Paris Air Show: a Mirage with missiles

In the Sudan: Soviet-made T-54 tanks being paraded by the Sudanese army

lance planes to the Saudis, it has gone all but unnoticed that the $8.5 billion package also includes 1,177 Sidewinder air-to-air missiles and equipment to enhance the range of the 60 F-15 fighters they have on order. Riyadh last year also purchased from the U.S. two fighter jets, 15 training planes, 18 howitzers, 118 battle tanks, 140,000 tons of ammunition and 1,000 antitank missiles. Total 1980 sales agreements with the U.S.: $4.5 billion. France also clinched a grand deal: a $3.1 billion naval package that included four missile-firing frigates.

Unlike the oil powers of the Middle East, most African nations can ill afford to spruce up their arsenals. But the persistence of regional conflicts has made the continent a fertile market for arms sales. The superpower struggle on the strategic Horn of Africa has led the U.S. to propose arms supplies, in return for the right to use naval and air facilities, to Kenya and Somalia despite the fact that the two countries are bitter enemies and that until the end of 1977 Somalia was a Soviet client. Kenya has a defense agreement with Somalia's neighbor and enemy Ethiopia, a onetime ally of the U.S., whose army is now being equipped by the Soviets and trained by Cubans and East Germans. The complex tensions of the area could easily escalate into a superpower showdown should Somalia, one of the continent's poorest countries, with a per capita income of $130, be tempted by its arms connection with the U.S. to increase its support for the rebels in Ethiopia's Ogaden region.

Nigeria is a country that could use more modern weapons and can also afford to buy them. Although rich in oil, the country's defense forces are considered toothless. President Shehu Alhaji Shagari reluctantly refrained from intervening when Libya invaded Chad last year, in part because he thought his men would be overpowered. Nigeria is now in the market for $6 billion worth of tanks, fighter planes, antitank weapons and antiaircraft guns, and has begun negotiating with Brazil for the technology to build its own automatic-rifle factory. Britain is trying to sell Nigeria its newest Vickers battle tank, which has already been supplied to Kenya.

Southeast Asia is tangled in a web of official and black market arms dealings. In the past year Thailand has bought 15 F-15 fighter jets, 35 tanks, three military transport planes and 59 howitzers. Last year's deliveries from the U.S.: $222 million. The Thais are also in the market for advanced fighter jets, either the new F-5G, designed by Northrop Corp. solely for export, or the more powerful F-16. The Thais serve as a conduit for Chinese and other arms sent to the Khmer forces fighting in Cambodia against the Vietnamese. Hanoi, for its part, has been able to unload on the world market many weapons that the U.S. left behind in withdrawing from Viet Nam. Almost 800,000 M-16 rifles are still in Vietnamese hands.

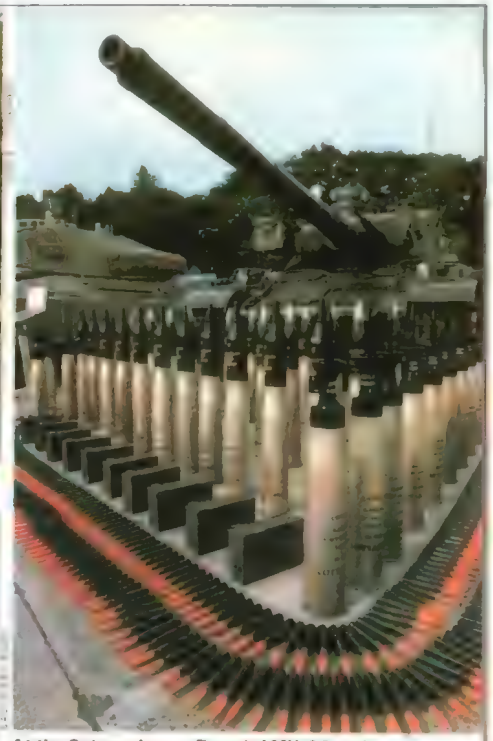
Need often seems to have nothing to do with arms acquisitions. In the past two or three years, Zambia has bought $100 million worth of Soviet jet fighters and tanks with money that would have been better spent on reviving its copper industry. Colombia imported French Mirage jets and Israeli military transports. Peru has bought 18 jet trainers from the U.S., plus 16 fighter-bombers and 250 tanks from the Soviet Union, three destroyers from The Netherlands, 192 missiles from Italy, four submarines from West Germany and 48 naval missiles from France. Average annual purchases: $3 billion. Tiny Brunei (pop. 212,000), an oil-producing British protectorate on the north coast of Borneo, has bought eleven helicopters from the U.S., six more from West Germany and a set of Sabre and Rapier missiles from Britain.

The infamous "merchants of death," who sold their wares to all sides of conflicts during the early years of the 20th century, were private entrepreneurs such as Sir Basil Zaharoff of England and the Krupps of Germany. But by World War II, governments had emerged as the principal suppliers. Until recently the major powers relied more on economic and de-

At the Paris Air Show: an Israeli Kfir fighter jet

In Indonesia: the arrival of American F-5s

In the Sudan: American-made M41 tanks being paraded by the Sudanese army



At the Satory show: a French AMX-30 tank

velopmental aid in their attempts to influence other countries. Only in the late '60s did weapons sales become the major tool of diplomacy that they are today

The U.S. has long been, and by some measures still is, the world's largest arms merchant. More than $17 billion in official Government sales and private commercial deals* involving 72 countries was recorded last year, up from $1.8 billion ten years ago. Over the past decade, the U.S supplied 45% of all the major weapons sold to the Third World. Under Richard Nixon, Washington's policy was aimed at arming strategic allies that could serve as regional protectors of American interests. A prime example: Iran, which was sent $10 billion worth of weapons before the fall of the Shah. Jimmy Carter tried to reverse course and use arms sales only as an "exceptional foreign policy implement," arguing that "the virtually unrestrained spread of conventional weaponry threatens stability in every region of the world." But his policy became riddled with exceptions: AWACS were promised to Iran, F-15s were sold to Saudi Arabia, and F-5Es to Egypt. After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979, the Carter Administration's policy of restraint was largely forgotten

Under Reagan, the shift is explicit. According to a directive written by National Security Adviser Richard Allen, "the U.S. views the transfer of conventional arms and other defense articles as an indispensable component of its foreign policy." Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance James Buckley admits that the Administration's arms policy "will include a larger number of sales to developing countries, which desperately need more effective means of defending themselves." Complains Democratic Senator Alan Cranston of California: "Reagan's policy on arms sales is to spew them everywhere."

The President has welcomed, or is favorably considering, a long list of new customers for the powerful F-16. Among them: Pakistan, Egypt, Venezuela and South Korea. "Wherever we have trouble, they seem to think that, but for another F-16, we would be lost," says Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts. In addition, the Administration is considering the sale of weapons to China, which will upset both the Soviet Union and American conservatives who oppose arming Communist countries

While Reagan's policy is free-handed enough, it may prove initially less generous in practice. Reason: congressional determination to trim the annual foreign aid bill, the means by which most government-to-government arms sales are financed. The President asked for $6.7 billion in economic and military assistance for fiscal 1982, up from $5 billion spent in 1981. At a time when the nation is trying to cope with the new austerity, Congress may well reject any increases

There are, in addition, specific congressional bans on arms sales to countries, like Pakistan, that have not signed the nuclear nonproliferation agreement, and those, like Argentina and Chile, with a bad record on human rights. The Administration wants to remove most of these restraints

Once the Saudi AWACS sale is resolved, the Administration's next battle will be to convince Congress that Pakistan's nuclear program should not preclude a proposed package of $3.8 billion in arms and aid. As Buckley told a House committee recently, the invasion of Afghanistan has made it more important "to keep the Soviets from thinking they can coerce, subvert or intimidate Pakistan." But many Congressmen are concerned that Pakistan will use its arms not to deter the Soviets but to challenge its historic enemy, India. Says India's President, Neelam Sanjiva Reddy: "This could upset the existing balance and start an arms race."

*Government-to-government sales, which account for 90% of U.S. arms transfers, must be initiated by the purchasing nation and approved by the State Department. Any sale involving $25 million or more must be reported to Congress for review and can be rejected by a majority of both houses. Private sales of less than that amount can be made by companies that get an export license from the State Department's Office of Munitions Control.

In Brazil: Xavante jets on São Paulo assembly line

In West Germany: a Leopard 1 battle tank on maneuvers

In Lebanon: a Palestinian boy displays his knowledge of the ubiquitous Kalashnikov

"There are more machine guns than umbrellas in this country."

Indeed, it already has: the Indians, who are also plentifully supplied by the Soviets, have reduced an order for British Jaguar jets and turned to the French for 150 of the more powerful Mirage 2000s.

In justifying his Administration's policy, the President can point to the dramatic rise in Soviet arms shipments. The U.S.S.R. last year signed $15 billion worth of sales agreements with the Third World, up from $3.3 billion in 1973. The Kremlin concentrates on supplying actual hardware and delivering it quickly; by contrast, related technical support systems account for 40% of American sales, and shipments take twice as long as the Soviets'. Thus the Soviets far surpass the U.S. in deliveries of specific major weapons. Since 1977 they have sent to the Third World about twice as many tanks (5,750 to 3,030), three times as many artillery pieces (7,150 to 2,780), four times as many fighter jets (2,290 to 540) and twice as many antiaircraft missiles (11,400 to 4,960).

Libya is Moscow's biggest, and most conspicuous, Third World client. On a visit to the Soviet capital this spring, Gaddafi ordered supplies for the jets that have been bombing the Sudanese border villages. New MiG-25 and Sukhoi Su-20 fighter planes were delivered earlier this year to Tripoli, where the docks are dotted with unopened crates of Soviet arms. Another major Soviet client is Syria. Defense Minister Mustafa Tlass visited Moscow last month to meet with his Soviet counterpart, Dmitri Ustinov, and the country's top weapons designers. Tlass discussed the purchase of more MiG-25s and a group of T-72 and T-80 tanks, the most sophisticated in the Soviet arsenal.

Increasingly, the Soviets sell arms for economic as well as strategic reasons. Sales for hard currency to such clients as Libya, Syria and Algeria and, until recently, Iraq have almost entirely supplanted grants and sweetheart deals. The Central Intelligence Agency estimates that weapons sales bring in roughly one-fourth of the foreign currency earned by Moscow. That trade also provides the U.S.S.R. with a commercial link to key oil producers —which may be one reason why it is trying to sell arms to Kuwait, a sheikdom with firm ties to the capitalist world. Even though they ask for hard cash, the Soviets usually price their wares well below comparable Western weapons.

The world's third major weapons exporter is France. The French have quality products, aggressive marketing skills and few qualms about selling anything to anyone who can pay. Sales agreements with the Third World leaped from $500 million in 1973 to $8 billion last year, thus making armaments the country's most lucrative industry. More than 100 salesmen worked for three years to land the contract to upgrade the Saudi navy, beating out competitive bids by the British and Italians. France argues that it provides Third World customers with an alternative to superpower suppliers. "Nations can buy from us and still maintain their independence," says an official of the missile maker Matra, which exports 75% of its production.

The election of Socialist President François Mitterrand initially was seen as a threat to the trade. He fired Gérard Hibon, chief of the Direction des Affaires Internationales, which handles overseas arms deals. Sales to South Africa, Chile and Argentina were discouraged because of those nations' domestic policies, and an unofficial ban was placed on future sales to Libya after its invasion of Chad, a former French colony. "Right now we're in a period of reflection," says a top government minister. But Mitterrand by no means wants France out of the business: on a visit to Saudi Arabia last month he assured King Khalid that sales to the Persian Gulf region would continue. They discussed potential Saudi investment in the planned Mirage 4000 jet and purchases of the Mirage 2000 fighter. Meanwhile, France is negotiating other potential transfers of military hardware to Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore.

Italy is now crowding both Britain and West Germany in the arms business. This year, for example, it sold Iraq an entire $1.8 billion mini-navy: four frigates, six corvettes, a supply vessel and a floating dock. The Italians anchored one of their stylish new frigates next to the Doges' Palace in Venice during last year's seven-nation economic summit, not to provide protection but, as one naval officer confided, "as an advertisement in the hope that someone would buy one." Although the Italians specialize in naval hardware, the state-owned Oto Melara firm of La Spezia offers a speedy, 40-ton medium tank (price: $1.1 million) that is comparable to West Germany's Leopard 1, and SIAI-Marchetti offers an intermediate trainer, the S-211, that can easily be armed for counterinsurgency warfare. Zaïre, Zimbabwe and Somalia have ordered some of the S-211s, which cost about $1 million each.

West Germany is probably the exporter beset with the most moral qualms, particularly about shipping abroad weapons that might be used against Israel. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt last year proposed a sale to Saudi Arabia of 300 Leopard tanks for nearly $5 billion plus guaranteed access for ten years to Saudi oil. But the deal raised so much political furor in Germany that it now seems likely to be revoked. The Bonn government is currently formulating guidelines that are

In Somalia: guerrillas with a Soviet-desig

expected to reaffirm its traditional policy of not selling to regions of instability

British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, trying to revive her country's slipping arms trade, is embroiled in a similar domestic dispute over the $22 million sale of a 6,200-ton destroyer and antiaircraft missiles to Chile. Charged M.P. Frank Allaun of the opposition Labor Party: "The supply of a sophisticated ship with missiles to a country where people are being tortured is immoral." Similarly, the government of Austria is being criticized for its proposed sale of 100 tanks to Chile. An Austrian spokesman said that Vienna is only trying to be fair: it has already sold 67 tanks to Argentina, which is involved in a border dispute with Chile.

One significant recent development in the arms trade is the emergence of two consumers as major exporters. One is Brazil. A defense expert in Rio de Janeiro boasts that arms sales may reach $2 billion by 1985, equaling coffee as one of the country's top exports. The boom in this Brazilian industry, ironically, was caused in part by Jimmy Carter's attempt to limit arms shipments to South America. Brazil not only supplies itself and its neighbors with sophisticated tanks and planes but also sells to the Middle East. Its largest customer is Iraq, which has bought more than $800 million in weapons since 1976, including some 400 armored vehicles. Iraq is negotiating for $400 million in more tanks and munitions. In the past few months, Brazil has also sold $170 million of equipment to Ecuador, $89 million to Colombia, and is negotiating deals with Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Libya, Malaysia and China.

In Cambodia: two armed youths walk the jungle

The only excuse seems to be that others are doing it too.

Despite its heavy reliance on American weapons for defense, Israel competes with its U.S. suppliers on world markets. Although the Israelis offer everything from gunboats to antitank shells, its best-known weapons are the UZI submachine gun and the sophisticated Kfir fighter jet, a modification of France's Mirage 5. More than 10,000 UZIs were sold in the U.S. alone last year; they are used by the Secret Service to protect the President, and a modified version is wielded by hunters in Michigan to kill deer. In order to underwrite the cost of producing Kfir jets for its own use, Israel must export up to 25% of them. Because the jet contains a General Electric engine, the U.S. can restrict its export. Carter, as part of his aim of keeping such advanced technology out of Latin America, blocked a proposed sale of 24 Kfirs to Ecuador, which bought French Mirages instead. Reagan lifted the export restrictions, and Ecuador may buy them yet.

With help from their governments, manufacturers compete vigorously to win contracts. Payoffs have been largely controlled since the bribery scandals involving Northrop and Lockheed in the mid-1970s, but large commissions still abound. One of Saudi Arabia's sales agents, Adnan Khashoggi, has become a multimillionaire, jetting between capitals to consummate major deals. Khashoggi has sued Lockheed for $300 million in commissions that he claims is still owed him for arranging the sale of TriStar jets and Hercules transports to Saudi Arabia. Earlier this year, he won a $20 million judgment on disputed commissions from Northrop

The annual Paris Air Show in June this year, which was followed immediately by a display of tanks and military hardware at nearby Satory, provided an international showcase of major weapons for sale. Potential buyers could inspect a prototype of the Mirage 4000, view Northrop's export model F-5G fighter under a massive tent, and watch an Israeli display of a remote-piloted unmanned reconnaissance plane. The Soviets never show off their fighters, but this year brought their new, giant Mi-26 helicopter, the world's largest, which can lift 65,000 pounds.

Weapons today are hawked like any other product. The French and British produce imposing catalogues, while U.S. manufacturers tout their products in *Aviation Week & Space Technology* and *Armed Forces Journal*. Says a McDonnell-Douglas ad for the F-15: "Strong enough to win, awesome enough to deter. By its very presence it is an expression of national will." A Grumman ad for Phoenix air-to-air missiles boasts of "an unprecedented 84% kill rate" under the catchy headlines: "The F-14/Phoenix team. Because you have to get the enemy before he gets you."

Sales frequently involve *quid pro quos*, such as allowing the purchasing country to manufacture some of a weapon's parts or to assemble it with local labor. In order to capture a $400 million contract with Switzerland for F-5 fighters, Northrop agreed to market $135 million worth of Swiss goods throughout the world. The American aeronautics company proceeded to sell Swiss power-generating equipment and shelving material to Saudi Arabia, drilling machines to Spain, water filtration systems to Morocco and transport boats to Bolivia. Northrop easily exceeded its quota. The reward: another contract for 38 additional jets, and the responsibility for selling $150 million more of Swiss goods. Says one Northrop agent: "Trying to sell planes has given us as much depth in the Swiss economy as the Swiss themselves."

What accounts for the world's "open sesame" approach to arsenals? Primarily, it is because selling weapons has proved an effective way for developing nations as well as superpowers to gain influence. Arms sales can make friendly countries stronger and strong countries friendlier. It has a greater immediate impact than building dams or sending economic aid and is certainly more lucrative. "U.S. security interests can best be safeguarded by helping front-line countries become a positive deterrent to aggression," insists Buckley. That rationale makes some sense when applied to U.S. arms for the Persian Gulf region. But the Administration also uses it to justify fighter jet sales to a country like Venezuela, not in imminent danger of being attacked by anyone.

Offering arms can be a way of weaning a country from dependence on another superpower. America has done this to the Soviets in Indonesia, Somalia and Egypt; the Soviets have done it to the U.S. in northern Yemen and Ethiopia. France

portable rocket launcher and an AK-47 rifle

September 29, 1981

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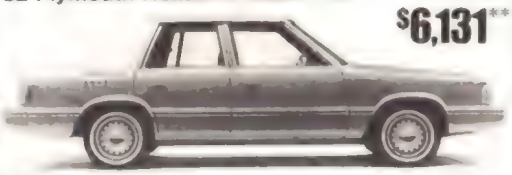

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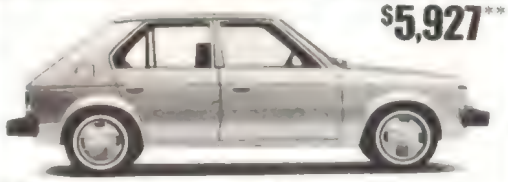

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claims, without much evidence, that its military sales to Libya have decreased Soviet influence there. With marginally better justification, the French use the same argument about sales to Iraq. Says one government official: "In Iraq's case it's been useful to replace the Soviet Union as a supplier. Ten years ago, Iraq was practically a Soviet satellite."

Weapons sales are increasingly seen by purchasers as a symbol or test of friendship, an argument that the Reagan Administration has stressed to justify the selling of AWACS to Saudi Arabia. Other benefits for the exporter: sales can be bartered for base rights (as the U.S. has done in Turkey, Spain and the Philippines); they can help make a country's military equipment compatible with that of its allies; and they can occasionally provide for some control on how weapons are used, through judicious control of the umbilical cord of spare parts and servicing of complex equipment.

More and more, however, the arms trade seems impelled by purely economic factors. Sealing an $8.5 billion AWACS package deal with the Saudis, or a $3.1 billion naval contract, can be a balance of payments bonanza. The Government estimates that a 40% cutback in U.S. weapons exports would result in a minimum 2% depreciation of the value of the dollar. Since many deals these days require an initial cash payment, exporters get a free financial float. Herbert Morris, comptroller of the Pentagon's Defense Security Assistance Agency, points out: "The Treasury has for years had temporary use of billions of dollars in foreign cash. There is now over $4.8 billion in the foreign military sales trust fund account."

Beyond that there are other, less readily apparent benefits to the whole U.S. economy. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, every $1 billion in arms exports directly supports about 50,000 jobs. Weapons bought by the Saudis alone will provide 112,000 jobs in the U.S. over the next five years. When those workers are concentrated in specific regions, or belong to aggressive unions, they can form a powerful constituency, as they do in parts of the U.S., as well as in France and Britain. Arms sales also reduce the unit costs of defense items for a manufacturer by extending production runs and spreading development outlays. In the U.S., every $1 billion worth of exported weapons saves the Pentagon $70 million in unit costs.

Critics argue that the case against a generous arms sale policy is as compelling as the one for it. The most vivid example of the limitations of weaponry to win friends and influence countries is Iran: after $10 billion of arms deliveries, the Shah was deposed and replaced by Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini's violently anti-American regime. The occasional success that the Soviets and Americans have had in wooing each other's clients proves that the influence secured by sales can be less than lasting. As Andrew Pierre puts it: "Long-term weapons are sold to what may be short-term friends."

Notes Richard Betts, who teaches defense policy at Columbia and Johns Hopkins universities: "More often, the significant supplier influence *precedes* rather than follows the sale. Once a sale is final the supplier's leverage declines." The recent U.S. experience with Turkey shows how customers can exert leverage on their suppliers. When Congress voted to ban all military sales to Turkey after its 1974 invasion of Cyprus, the Ankara government promptly shut down some U.S. bases and listening posts, many of which provided valuable intelligence surveillance of the Soviet Union. Mindful of Turkey's importance to NATO's Eastern flank, the U.S. felt compelled to continue military sales, including Phantom fighter jets, even while the embargo was technically still in effect. The U.S. bases were reopened in 1978 in exchange for a repeal of the ban on military shipments.

Arms sales can saddle a supplier with embarrassing clients. The U.S. has rein-

Nothing for Mahboob

Sam Cummings is a large, loquacious, twinkly man who is never very far from a joke or an ironic aside. "Human folly," he says, "guarantees the perpetuity of arms trading, the second-oldest profession in the world." Cummings, 54, is intimate with this deadly folly: he is by far the largest private arms seller in the world. Interarms Corp., which he founded 28 years ago and wholly owns today, has 250 employees in Britain, Panama, Monaco, Argentina and the U.S. Sales in a good year can top $100 million. On the world arms market, that sum is a trifle, as Cummings is quick to note: "Let's be honest, the only arms dealers that really matter are the governments." Yet when governments or retailers (or shadier entities) want light arms—pistols, rifles, machine guns and the like—they most often come to Cummings. "Arms," he says, "have always been my hobby."

Sam Cummings

Indeed so: at age five, Sam Cummings, the son of a Philadelphia Main Line family, found an old German machine gun behind the local American Legion post and dragged it home. He rebuilt the gun and started collecting others. As a student on a term abroad at Oxford University, Cummings toured the armament-strewn battlefields of Europe, and there resolved to become a weapons dealer. Between college (George Washington University) and achieving his vocation, he spent three years working for the CIA, identifying guns captured during the Korean War.

"My first deal," Cummings told TIME's Robert Kroon in London last week, "was with the Panamanian government. The chief of the national guard showed me a collection of about 7,000 old weapons straight out of the cavern of Ali Baba. He wanted Browning light machine guns, which I managed to get out of Canadian surplus stocks, and we clinched the deal." The Panamanian antiques were sold to U.S. gun collectors, and Cummings was launched as an international gun barterer. He recycled 26 Vampire jets from Sweden to the Dominican Republic, swapped field equipment for Guatemalan arms, sold 80,000 machine guns to Finland and got a cache of old collectibles in return. He also sold "a few hundred" automatic rifles to Fidel Castro in the late 1950s: "Fidel was wild about the Armalites," Cummings recalls.

A naturalized British subject, Cummings lives with his Swiss wife Irma in Monte Carlo (twin daughters, 19, are U.S. undergraduates) and their life is not ostentatious. Unremarkable, too, Cummings claims, is his business: "Like any other trade," he says. "We don't sell anything without official British or American export licenses. I am not a gun runner." Cummings regrets the U.S. ban on arms sales to Iran ("lost business"). Says he: "We won't do anything surreptitiously. I don't deal with Ahmed the Betrayer or Mahboob the Redbeard, unless they are documented by their governments."

Cummings maintains his deadly stock at two large but unobtrusive warehouses, in Alexandria, Va., and Manchester, England. Visiting the Manchester branch, TIME's Kevin Dowling noted an elaborate system of files on the desk of a secretary: a folder for every country in the world, explained Cynthia Wixey, including one for Vatican City. Was there, ah, much demand from the Pope? "Mr. Cummings is very thorough," she answered. "And he's an optimist. Maybe one day they'll need new halberds for the Swiss Guards."

"I'm a chemical industry scientist. When I test our products' safety, I think of the people who'll use them. Including my family."

Dr. Ralph Freudenthal, Director, Toxicology Department, for a major chemical company, with his children, Jennifer, Judy and Daniel.

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America's Chemical Industry

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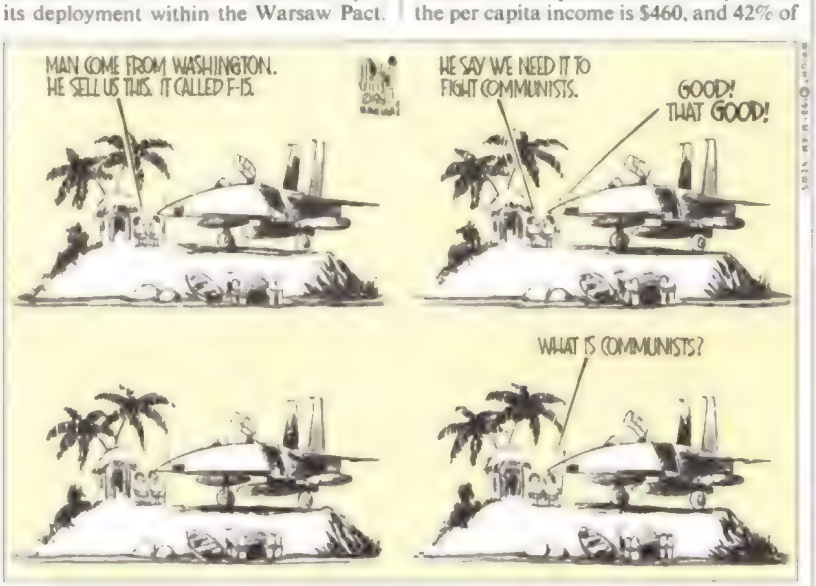
forced a reputation in parts of the Third World as an ally of rightist repression by proffering weaponry to Guatemala and El Salvador. Moreover, all the advance guarantees in the world cannot ensure a seller's control over the way its weapons are used. When the Israelis bombed civilian areas of Beirut with American-made jets, in evident violation of an agreement that the planes were to be used for defensive purposes only, the U.S. had to share the blame but had none of the responsibility. Vigorous export policies can also lead to procurement problems at home. Overseas sales of the F-16 will slow deliveries to the U.S. Air Force and NATO, the Pentagon concedes. Soviet sales of the new T-72 battle tank to the Third World have delayed its deployment within the Warsaw Pact.



For arms importers, security concerns can lead to a new type of dependency as they become impoverished pawns in the superpower struggle. Weapons shipments tend to promote regional arms races (India and Pakistan, for example), with the ante raised every time a more advanced item of technology, such as the F-16 jet or the MiG-25, is introduced into a region. Says House Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Clement Zablocki: "Reagan's new policy could result in destabilizing arms races in sensitive areas of the world." If only in financial terms, the Third World can ill afford it: the aggregate debt of developing nations has doubled in the past four years to $280 billion.

The competitive forces that dominate the global arms bazaar create a complex dilemma. If the U.S. turns down Venezuela's request for F-16s, what is to prevent the French from selling it Mirage fighters? If the Senate rejects the AWACS sale, the Saudis have warned they will simply start negotiations to buy a similar surveillance plane from Britain, the Nimrod. When the Soviets refused to resupply Iraq after the outbreak of the gulf war, Dictator Saddam Hussein turned to Egypt, France and some East-bloc arms dealers. Where is the reward for restraint? And where are the limits to global arming?

The easy answer, that the dilemma is too complex to resolve in light of East-West tensions, will not do. Says Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin: "Using such justifications as 'The business is good for our balance of payments' or 'If we do not sell weapons, someone else will,' the arms merchants and their government spokesmen are turning the world into a vast armed camp." The long line of weapons that helped seal Sadat's friendship with the U.S. were paraded past his grandstand through the dusty streets of an impoverished country where the per capita income is $460, and 42% of the budget is spent on the military.

Can weapons buy security? For many Third World nations, arms may well deter external aggression, but even the best-equipped troops of an unpopular regime are unlikely to hold off forever a domestic revolution. Witness Iran or Nicaragua. Thomas Barger, a former president of Aramco Oil and a director of Northrop, points out the evident danger: "When you get a lot of playthings, how long is it before you want to try them out?"

Since 1945 there have been at least 130 conflicts that would qualify as wars, nearly all of them fought on the soil of poor nations with weapons purchased from rich ones. And a cascading supply of sophisticated weapons is an ever growing temptation to terrorist fanatics unbeholden to any rational standard of conduct. When the latest models of shoulder-held, heat-seeking missiles can be bought at any village bazaar, where will it be safe for any plane to fly?

Prospects for negotiated solutions are poor. President Carter started conventional arms transfer talks with the Soviets in 1977. They were abandoned the following year after the Soviets demanded, ar the U.S. refused, to discuss weapons sal to the Persian Gulf region. The Reaga Administration has expressed a willin ness to talk with the Soviets about ne strategic arms limits and theater nucle force reduction of missiles in Europe B there is currently little expressed desi for conventional arms-sale restraint—e ther by the Reagan Administration, th Soviets, the other major producers or eve Third World nations. The first step t ward a solution has to be a realization, b each country involved in the trade, th pursuing what it sees as its own best inte est creates a monster that is in no cou try's best interest.

If there could develop the will to co trol the trade of conventional arms, just there is now a general desire to control th proliferation of nuclear weapons, it wou in theory be possible to make a beginnin toward restraint. Suggests David Aaro former assistant to Zbigniew Brzezins on Carter's National Security Counc "We can coerce international cooperatio from some of our allies by using the carr and stick: either they cooperate, or we beat them in every market."

Perhaps the best path is to pursue a eas where there is already some eviden of restraint. The U.S. has been cautio about the sale of advanced technologie like portable guided missiles, which cou place the world at the mercy of terro ists. The Germans have said that they w refuse to supply areas of tension. The S viet Union has refused to rearm Iraq d rectly while it is at war with Iran. Mo cow's reluctance to supply weapons to region in conflict should be encourage and nurtured.

As Carter discovered, a unilateral po icy of weapons-sale restraint ca be bootless. But a policy that e alts a lack of restraint can lik wise reap a whirlwind of unwanted, u predictable challenges. If Reagan aba dons any serious attempt to seek contro for the flow of weaponry, he will have gi en in to a danger that threatens America interests, with only the poor excuse th others did it too.

In order to arrive at a solution, th world will first have to realize there is problem. Only then will internation opinion have the power to cause go ernments to have second thoughts b fore they buy weapons that are not nee ed, or sell what should be kept in stor Such deeper calculations are sorely nee ed as the world arms bazaar grows ev larger. Without them, the prospects f global control look grim, as grim as th prospects for peace in a world floode with weapons so ubiquitous that even child can tote one, so powerful that eve a handful of terrorists can hold a s ciety hostage. *—By Walter Isaacso*

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washingt and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels, with oth bureaus

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When winter settles in West St. Paul, Minnesota, everything is frozen in its tracks. For Gary Langula, owner of Langula Hardware, fuel bills were even harder to live with.

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He began heating his 5,000-square-foot store with Kero-Sun. During the month of January, he cut his fuel consumption by 92%. And the savings continued the rest of the winter.

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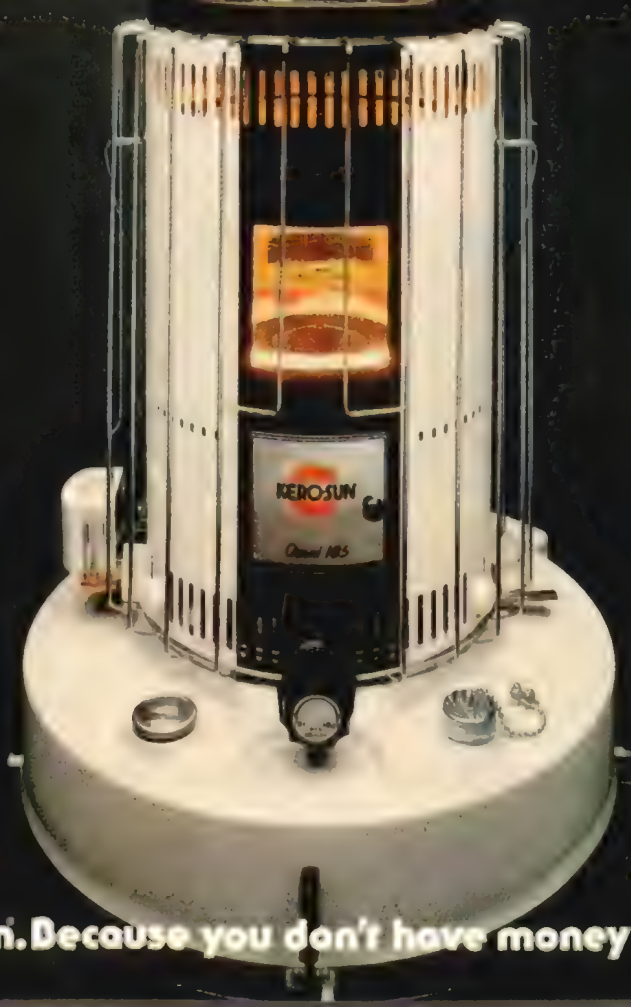
Gary Langula, owner of Langula Hardware W. St. Paul, Minn.



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What Money Can Buy

"Weapons are being treated like commercial articles, just like machine tools or automobiles," says Arthur Alexander of the Rand Corp. "They talk about quality, performance, price. Look at the catalogues." He was referring to the arms directories published for prospective buyers by half a dozen national governments. (The U.S., where sales catalogues from Sears to the *Whole Earth* are practically national icons, has none.) The most elaborate are put out by Britain and France. Both distribute slick omnibus arms compendia, Britain every year since 1969, France biannually since 1967, that the world's wish-listing generals and defense ministers can flip through with the delight of boys at Christmas time. There are no order forms or suggested retail prices. But whether they prefer the grand, gilded and clothbound *British Defence Equipment Catalogue* in three volumes (5,000 printed, $150 per set) or France's more workaday, four-volume paperback catalogue (6,000 printed, free), arsenal shoppers can find everything they need to build the best army that money can buy.

Britain's book . . .

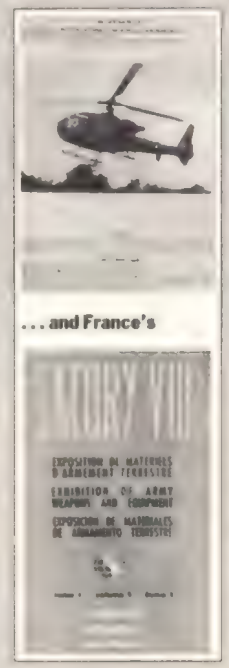
The British catalogue is a self-described "quick and easy reference." Choosing is made quicker and easier by rating symbols: a land mine, for instance, can bear the mark of the Queen's Award for outstanding technological achievement. The perspective is international: "To our many friends we apologise that this Catalogue is printed only in English . . . Assistance can always be obtained from British Embassies." The small BAC 167 Strikemaster jet fighter, for example, "is now in service with twelve air forces throughout the world" and "offers a uniquely cost-effective solution for counter-insurgency." Is the client's country a bit underdeveloped? No problem: Strikemaster "has proved its ability to operate . . . under actual combat conditions from primitive airstrips." The insurgents themselves might be interested in some of the wares. For example, the Blowpipe is a 44-lb. antiaircraft missile system that can be fired by a lone attacker. On one page is a "cratering kit," designed to blow 25-ft.-wide holes in runways; on another, aluminum runway repair matting (installable by "completely unskilled labor") is for sale.

Britannia once ruled the waves; today its customers can make the attempt. A whole navy is available off the peg: there are 200-ft.-long "fast patrol boats," destroyers, fiberglass-and-plastic-hulled minesweepers, troop-carrying Hovercraft and even a 670-ft., 14,000-ton Vickers aircraft carrier. Nor is the infantry slighted: there are mortars (51 mm or 81 mm), silencer-equipped submachine guns, four-round sniper rifles (99% accuracy at 400 meters) and a battery-powered grenade launcher. Missiles? Try an air-to-air Sky Flash or a ship-to-air Seawolf, a Rapier ("low cost" and "low weight") or a Swingfire ("long-range" and "antitank"). Once the weapons are ordered, there are British firms that will train troops and commanders, plan communications systems and even help manage bases.

The catalogue's descriptive paeans are seldom graphic about the weapons' deadly effects. Usually the language is willfully neutral: one shell that spews out steel pellets is merely "useful to engage massed infantry at close quarters." But peddler's enthusiasm can overcome the technocratic blankness. A 105-mm artillery piece is "robust" and its "lethal punch" is thus "ideal for use in tough limited war conditions in all climates." One transport is a "tough, roomy, dependable" aircraft, and the catalogue says of the AEL 4111 Snipe aerial drone for antiaircraft gunners: "The morale effect on weapons crews who are able to see their target destroyed is incalculable."

The high-tech gimcracks do have an undeniable allure. Take the Claribel hostile fire indicator. This truck-mounted radar "tracks bullets . . . and pinpoints their source but," adds the knowing copywriter, "ignores stones or bricks." Video equipment is much in evidence, and a helicopter-mounted, gyro-stabilized TV camera could make for a strangely deracinated war: with a fleet of these Heli-Teles swarming over the combat zone, a commander can sit behind the lines and watch the action on color television.

Much of the merchandise is prosaic—flashlights, generators and, for fighting file clerks, a bullet-proof clipboard. There is throughout a domestic matter-of-factness that jars: a piece of circuitry "fits any standard bomb," and a suit to protect against radiation and nerve gas "can be laundered." Even aesthetic and creature comforts are not ignored. An "armoured command vehicle" called Sultan has "a spacious penthouse mounted at the rear," and there is a Vickers division specializing in the interior decoration of warships.



. . . and France's

France's catalogue is not as lavish as Britain's, but its descriptions (in French, English and Spanish) are more vivid militarily and, in general, less polite. One piece of howitzer ammunition is touted as having "a better ballistic coefficient than the American shell," and a 30-mm aircraft round is "very effective against persons." A 22-lb. French "Commando" mortar is perfect for those times when combat squads "have to fight violently at very short distances." The brief entries tend to a breathless specificity. A smoke bomb lets a tank "escape temporarily from the adversary's sight and prevent the latter from adjusting his fire"; a 105-mm antitank rocket launcher is "designed for use by either a right- or a left-handed soldier." The French grant far more space to the nitty-gritty of war: pistols, plastic explosives and grenades (including one that was "designed to dazzle several antagonists").

Both catalogues brim with ads for mundane matériel like air conditioners and fork lifts. But it is the devices to cause or cope with death that startle, especially when their descriptions escape the morass of jargon and euphemism. There, between technical specifications, the ghastly suddenly rears up: the "squash head" tank shell, which "on impact on the outer wall of an armored vehicle causes a large scab of metal to fly off the inside surface with great velocity"; the airborne gadget that lays down "a pattern of evenly distributed bomblets"; body bags meant for "the transport of [fallout-] contaminated casualties to cleansing areas." —*By Kurt Anderson*

EGYPT

Mubarak Takes Over

Commited to Sadat's foreign policy, he must now restore confidence at home

For more than six years he had been Anwar Sadat's closest aide and heir apparent; last week he succeeded his slain mentor as President of Egypt. As the People's Assembly chanted, "Long live the Arab Republic of Egypt," Hosni Mubarak, 53, took the oath of office and pledged, as he had done immediately after Sadat's death, to follow his predecessor's policies. "This is my fate," he said, "to stand before you in his absence. Egypt is stable. The greatest tribute we can pay him is to follow his course." Mubarak affirmed Egypt's support of the peace treaty with Israel, assured his countrymen that the Israelis would keep their promise to withdraw from the easternmost portion of the Sinai by next April, and promised to work for a comprehensive Middle East settlement. He defended the loyalty of the armed forces and warned his adversaries that if they broke the law they would be dealt with "unmercifully." "There is no difference between Muslim and Christian," he declared. "We are all of the same caravan. Let us always ask what we can give to Egypt, not what we can take from it."

The reaction, from both Egyptians and foreigners, was generally favorable. On Tuesday, Mubarak had won 98.46% of the vote in the national referendum that elected him President. In his address to parliament the following day, he spoke with authority and emotion, seemingly making a conscious effort to transform himself from an understudy into a national leader. "He has an important trait," said one former parliamentarian. "He listens, and in this part of the world we need a leader who listens."

There were a few incidents of unrest in the country, though nothing to equal the 36 hours of bloody fighting between Islamic fundamentalists and security forces that had taken place late the previous week in the southern city of Asyut, where at least 100 were killed. After a gun battle in a Cairo suburb, police arrested two men whom they accused of leading the rioting in Asyut. At Cairo International Airport, two bombs exploded in the baggage hold of an Air Malta jetliner that had just arrived from Libya, killing an airport worker and injuring a dozen others.

In an atmosphere of deliberate calm, Mubarak launched a purge, including the transfer of hundreds of army officers and civil servants of "fanatical religious tendencies" to less sensitive posts, and an investigation of the failure of military intelligence to detect the presence of the armed assassins who gunned down Sadat. He also authorized the "preventive" arrests of several hundred known civilian extremists of both the left and right and asked the People's Assembly for legislation imposing the death penalty on anyone found guilty of unlawful use of firearms.

After pondering how best to demonstrate its support of post-Sadat Egypt, the

Reagan Administration decided on a military response. At the end of his trip to Cairo to attend Sadat's funeral, Secretary of State Alexander Haig announced that the U.S. was ready to accelerate and increase the supply of arms to both Egypt and its southern ally, the Sudan. Furthermore, said Haig, the U.S. would take part next month in a "very extensive joint military exercise" with Egyptian forces. The Pentagon also sent out two AWACS planes to patrol the skies of Egypt and the Sudan against possible Libyan attack, and was considering a bombing run on Egyptian desert targets by U.S. B-52 bombers.

Haig described the U.S. supply buildup as merely a "sign of reassurance," adding: "There are indications of increasing Libyan activity and threats to peaceful nations in the region." Haig also talked in Cairo with Sudanese President Gaafar Nimeiri, whose border villages have been strafed by Libyan planes. Nimeiri says he fears a Libyan invasion, although some European diplomats in Khartoum believe the situation is not as serious as he has portrayed it.

The Reagan Administration's show of "reassurance" was greeted with little enthusiasm by America's principal Western European allies. One Western European ambassador in Washington described the plan as encapsulating "all that is wrong with American foreign policy" and described as a "caricature" the notion of sending out B-52s to bomb the sands near the Libyan-Egyptian border. Another Western diplomat said flatly: "The means employed by this Administration are completely disproportionate to the intended effect. They nullify it." In Bonn, officials privately called the approach heavyhanded, fearing that it would attract attention to U.S. interests in Egypt, fan further Islamic unrest and lend substance to Soviet charges that the Egyptian government is an American puppet. Right on cue, the Soviet press accused the Administration of "crude interference" in Egypt's affairs and insisted that the U.S. was "feverishly stepping up war preparations in the Middle East."

Even some Israelis felt that the Administration's response was out of step with reality. Asked a high-ranking Israeli intelligence official: "What are Mubarak's main problems? A pre-emptive strike by the Libyan army? Nonsense. The main danger for the Egyptian regime is within Egypt; the real challenges are poverty, hunger, the opposition groups, and the imams preaching at the mosques."

As the week passed, precious few additional details came to light concerning the Sadat assassination. One theory remained unchanged: that the assassins were members of a small, violent Islamic fundamentalist group, *Takfir wa Hijra* (Atonement and Holy Flight). An outgrowth of the Muslim Brotherhood, *Takfir wa Hijra* was responsible for the abduction and murder of one of Sadat's former Cabinet ministers in 1977; now it is implicated not only in the killing of Sadat but in the rioting later that week in Asyut.

Takfir wa Hijra is only one of an unknown number of fanatical Islamic groups that permeate wide sections of Egyptian society. Says Political Scientist Ali E. Hillal Dessouki of Cairo University: "My hunch is that there are many groups of ten or 15 people, organized into very small cells. They are clandestine, secretive, underground and not public. They are certainly amassing weapons."

The roots of the fundamentalist resurgence lie in the social dislocation that has swept the Arab world, and Egypt in particular, over the past two decades. Says

Arabist John Williams of the American University of Cairo: "These groups appeal to those who don't think they are getting their fair share of the benefits of modernization." Fundamentalist tendencies are most entrenched in the lower middle class and in Egypt's universities, where they have mushroomed over the past four or five years. Says Dessouki of the converts: "These are people who are neither urban nor rural, who are overwhelmed by city life and feel alien to it. They are a very precarious class."

Many of the Islamic groups have at their center a powerful leader. In the case of *Takfir wa Hijra*, it was Shukri Ahmed Mustafa, who was hanged by the Sadat government in 1978 for planning the murder of the former Religious Affairs Minister. To his followers, the charismatic Mustafa was an almost omnipotent authority on religious as well as personal matters. "Even after the death sentence had been handed out," wrote Sociologist Saad Eddin Ibrahim in a study of the group, "Mustafa's followers would not believe that the government could take his life." Like many other fanatical Muslims, *Takfir wa Hijra* members seek to return to a purely Islamic society, and are willing to use violence to achieve that goal

Egyptian voter casting ballot in referendum

In all likelihood, the shock of Sadat's murder will impede the rapid growth of the fundamentalist movements for the time being. But, as one Egyptian scholar cautions, "the huge base of sympathizers, which may number in the millions, is still in place." Almost everyone agrees that the militants lack the power to seize the government, but they do have the capacity to cause endless trouble. Security crackdowns, such as Sadat's roundup of 1,600 assorted opponents last month or the arrests last week, could easily backfire. So could the Reagan Administration's plan for a spectacular display of American military power, another pointed reminder to the fanatics of Egypt's Western connection.

Members of the People's Assembly stand in honor of the slain Anwar Sadat during swearing-in ceremony for the nation's new President

President Mubarak with Sudanese President Nimeiri and Assembly Speaker Sufi Abu Taleb

"He listens, and in this part of the world we need a leader who listens."

Thus one of the most pressing matters for Mubarak's government is to determine to what extent militant Muslims have penetrated the army. The government has not revealed whether the assassination plot extended to the level of colonels or higher, as many believe; whether the Libyans or the Soviets provided assistance; or whether any of Egypt's exiled nationalists were involved

But the government is obviously apprehensive. In the parade two weeks ago at which Sadat was shot, all the troops except the assassins carried weapons without ammunition. At the funeral four days later, the honor guard was equipped with rifles from which even the bolts had been removed. *—By William E. Smith. Reported by Jack E. White and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Cairo*

A Soviet bather and his family enjoy an outing on Kargha Lake; Afghan soldiers protect them against possible *mujahedin* attack

STROBE TALBOTT

AFGHANISTAN

In the Capital of a Quagmire

Moscow conducts an open-ended battle against a resilient insurgency

For nearly two years a Soviet expeditionary force of 85,000 troops has propped up Afghanistan's Communist regime against a motley but tenacious resistance movement. Soviet intervention in Afghanistan has become a chronic irritant in East-West relations: Secretary of State Alexander Haig reiterated U.S. outrage in his talks with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the United Nations a month ago, and the Afghanistan issue will probably be debated in the U.N. General Assembly next month. Most Western press coverage of the conflict has come from listening posts in Pakistan and India and from reporters who have slipped into rebel-held territory. TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott received a rare visa from the Afghan government and last week sent this report from Kabul:*

During daylight, Kabul seems almost like a city at peace. Almost, but not quite. There are reminders, some constant and subtle, others sudden and dramatic, that this is a land at war with itself and with its giant neighbor to the north, and that the war is closing in on the capital.

At a dusty park, children frolic on a makeshift wooden Ferris wheel, seemingly oblivious of the armored personnel carrier at an intersection near by, a searchlight mounted on its turret. The younger children cluster around a foreigner, taking him for a Soviet, chanting *"Khorosho! Khorosho!"* (good). Older youths, approaching or just over the compulsory military draft age of 15, withdraw sullenly.

At the main mosque on the bank of the Kabul River, the faithful gather for midday prayers. Most are old men, many of them crippled. In the midst of their worship, the droning incantations from the loudspeakers on the minarets are momentarily drowned out by the roar of two camouflaged MiG-21s streaking toward targets upcountry. Outside, a truck goes by with two Soviet soldiers in the back. They wear wide-brimmed khaki ranger hats and olive-drab bulletproof vests, and they hold their Kalashnikov assault rifles at the ready, barrels upright, on their knees.

Commercial air traffic, what little is still operating, moves in and out of Kabul airport normally, but the Soviet Ilyushin and Antonov military transports that use the same runway bank sharply after takeoff and climb to a safe altitude in a tight spiral. There is rising concern that rebels armed with hand-held SA-7 antiaircraft missiles may be hiding in the hills around the capital.

In the densely populated old part of Kabul, numerous houses are flying red banners. There is nothing ideological about them. It is an Afghan custom to hoist a green or blue flag if someone in a household has died, a red one if death occurred by unnatural causes, "such as murder or in war," as a resident explains.

Trade in the bazaars is brisk. It includes a thriving black market in which Soviet soldiers barter vodka, clothing, even ammunition for hashish. Here and there, turbaned vendors beckon for customers to examine straw baskets filled with lethal-looking daggers with 6- to 8-in. blades. A pair of passing Soviet privates, their Kalashnikovs at their sides, eye the knives nervously.

A European agricultural aid specialist says that the radius in which he is allowed to operate around Kabul has narrowed to just beyond the capital's suburbs. The price of tea has recently doubled, the cost of firewood, the principal heating fuel, tripled. Winter in this ruggedly beautiful mountainous country can be very harsh; this year it will be especially hard, and expensive, for Kabul's citizens.

Seven miles north of the city lies the Kabul Golf and Country Club. Its 18 holes are perhaps the most challenging in the world, not just because goats graze on the fairways and the "greens" are made of oiled-down sand, but because the course is often a no man's land in shootouts between government troops and the *mujahedin* (holy warriors). The guerrillas let alone the foreign diplomats who play there: the Soviets, after all, are known not to be golfers. The *mujahedin* concentrate instead on sniping at Afghan sentries stationed near by atop a dam at the base of Kargha Lake, a reservoir for the capital. The guerrillas have also ambushed parties of Soviet soldiers and nurses from the military hospital in town who come to swim and fish in the lake. Recently six Soviets were fishing with hand grenades, lobbing them into the water like depth charges and swimming out to collect the fish that floated belly-up to the surface. Then a band of *mujahedin* on a hillside opened fire, a lethal variation of the same game. Two of the Soviets were killed, two wounded, and two escaped.

But the lesson of Afghanistan may be that the Soviets do not give up easily: last week there was another Soviet swimming off the pier at Kargha Lake, while his wife and small daughter gathered stones on the beach. They had formidable lifeguards: a dozen Afghan soldiers, a patrol boat and an armored vehicle.

The reservoir basin frequently reverberates with the thud of bombs exploding near by and with the rumble overhead of Mi-24 "Hind" helicopter gunships. They are the nemesis of the *mujahedin*. The choppers' main targets nowadays lie another ten miles northwest, around the town of Paghman, which has been the fulcrum of a seesaw struggle between government forces and insurgents. Two weeks ago the *mujahedin's* green banners of Islam were flying over Paghman. Last week they had been replaced

by the black, red and green flags of the government. Next week, or the week after, Paghman might be in rebel hands again.

It is after nightfall that the war comes to Kabul itself. By dusk the crowds have thinned out in front of the Ariana Cinema on Pushtunistan Square after the last showing of *Guilty*, an Indian-made "drama of underworld crime, lust and sin." Afghan-manned tanks and armored personnel carriers take up their positions at every traffic circle. Armed patrols fan out. Soviet troops replace the Afghan youths who have been checking documents and searching cars at roadblocks during the day. At 10 p.m. the curfew goes into effect. Violators can be shot on the spot. So can the enforcers. Bursts of gunfire punctuate the night. *Mujahedin* who have infiltrated the city, sometimes with the connivance of sympathetic Afghan army officers, wage hit-and-run attacks on the homes of government officials, fire rifle-propelled grenades at Soviet staff cars, and assault police stations. In one such raid recently, the rebels killed six policemen and persuaded 17 survivors to desert.

Defections have been the government's principal curse. Before the 1978 coup that brought the Communists to power, Afghan army strength stood at over 100,000. That figure had dropped to 50,000 to 70,000 by the time Moscow invaded and installed the regime of Babrak Karmal in December 1979. It is now down to about 30,000 men. Draconian attempts to solve the problem have only exacerbated it. During the summer, teen-age cadets from the Kabul military academy were suddenly rounded up and thrown into the ongoing battle for the mountains around Paghman. At least 70 died, many of them the sons of men who run the regime.

Last month the government announced a new draft law calling up all males between 15 and 35 who had not yet served, and extending the tours of those who had already been conscripted. Many young men promptly disappeared into the countryside, some to join the *mujahedin*. Yet others did report to their draft boards, only to do two weeks' basic training, receive their government-issue weapons and then defect to the guerrillas.

Many shopkeepers in Kabul closed their doors in protest against the new law. The *khad*, the government security force that is largely a creature of the KGB, came around in trucks with bullhorns broadcasting a mixture of threats and patriotic exhortations to get the shops to reopen. Eventually the police broke the locks on the stores, often to find that the owners had fled to the hills, taking their inventories with them. Public demonstrations against the draft have usually been conducted by young women, on the theory that they are less likely to be fired on.

The most frustrating military operation for the Afghan and Soviet forces has been the battle for the Panjshir Valley, 40 miles north of Kabul. Four times they have tried to drive the *mujahedin* out; four times they have failed. The most recent offensive petered out two weeks ago, and there were signs that the insurgency was becoming less of a free-for-all in which rival guerrilla groups quarrel with one another almost as fiercely as they fight Kabul. During the latest Panjshir campaign, for example, rebel units normally operating south of the capital trekked north to join the *mujahedin* in the valley.

But the insurgents still face a host of problems, some of them self-inflicted. Despite the late Anwar Sadat's revelation that Egypt has served as a channel for the U.S. to infiltrate Soviet-designed weapons to the rebels, the *mujahedin* insist that they still rely primarily on what they can capture from their fallen or routed enemies. They have acquired from the outside, mainly the U.S., China and Egypt, some antiaircraft guns and antitank weapons, but not in sufficient quantity to neutralize the MiGs, helicopter gunships and heavy armor that throw such devastating firepower against rebel encampments and villages.

When a rebel band does get hold of a modern Kalashnikov, the weapon is likely to end up as a status symbol in the hands of the tribal elder, while the younger warriors, men with better eyesight and surer footing, are left to fight with bolt-action British Lee-Enfield rifles.

In one sense the lack of unified leadership is an advantage for the insurgents: the Soviets cannot end the rebellion simply by decapitating the movement. But while *mujahedin* may be learning to cooperate on limited operations, their very diversity makes it difficult for them to close ranks behind a sustained, coherent military strategy or political program. Some are Muslim fundamentalists, even Khomeini-esque fanatics. Others are disgruntled leftists, while still others are perennially recalci-

Mujahedin **huddle around a mortar in Paktia province; guerrillas discard their weapons in a pile before praying near Jalalabad**

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trant tribal chiefs nostalgic for the bad old days of the feudal monarchy that was overthrown in 1973.

Afghans have been fighting one another at least as long as they have been resisting foreign invaders. The *mujahedin* have the rallying point of a common enemy, the Soviets, and any regime unmistakably identified as Moscow's puppet may be doomed. But that does not mean that even with heavy increases in outside assistance, the rebels can defeat and expel the Soviets.

With their huge military wherewithal, the logistical advantage of a common 1,050-mile border, and few or no political repercussions to worry about on the home front (the Kremlin need not fear that Moscow State University undergraduates will start burning their draft cards), the Soviets can hunker down for a long time in Afghanistan, fortifying enclaves and forgetting about pacifying the countryside. As the Afghan army continues to hemorrhage, the Soviets may feel that they have no choice but to take over more and more of the burden of the fighting. Thus the day recedes when they can pull out under a policy of "Afghanization."

Indeed, Soviet diplomats, including Foreign Minister Gromyko, have indicated recently that the Kremlin is prepared to hold on in Afghanistan and wage a war of attrition against the insurgents as long as necessary to assure the survival of a pro-Soviet regime in Kabul. That could mean forever.

Such stubborn determination leaves Moscow faced with the prospect of an open-ended drain on its resources and ongoing embarrassment in its foreign policy. It also presents the U.S. with a dilemma. Should the U.S., in exchange for a Soviet pullout, press for a diplomatic settlement that might involve the formal recognition of Karmal's puppet regime and an end to outside support for the *mujahedin*? Or should Washington keep the covert military heat on and insist on unconditional withdrawal?

"It's a tough call," says former CIA Director William Colby. "Is there a chance of [the rebels'] actually winning? It doesn't look very promising." Adds a former senior official of the Carter Administration: "If you help Afghan insurgents who have no hope of winning, then are you sending them to slaughter? On the other hand, if you get over that moral hurdle, you can go all out and really bleed the Soviets, even if you can't beat them."

The Reagan Administration is definitely attracted to the second option. Unfortunately, that course risks antagonizing Western European allies and some Islamic countries that reject the Soviet presence in Afghanistan but are wary of Washington's bellicose anti-Moscow rhetoric. Yet even with the best of will in Washington, it is difficult to imagine what a compromise would look like, given Soviet and Afghan refusal to negotiate with the *mujahedin* and the rebels' rejection of a Moscow-imposed regime. ■

Voices of an Embattled Regime

Talking with Afghanistan's three top leaders

When TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott arrived at the Presidential Palace in Kabul last week, he found President Babrak Karmal as affable in manner as he was doctrinaire in his pronouncements. At the beginning and the end of a 90-minute interview, the first Karmal has had with an American journalist, the President and party leader kissed Talbott on both cheeks in the traditional Afghan greeting, urging him to "come back some time and hunt Marco Polo sheep in our beautiful mountains." Karmal spoke mostly in English, which he said he learned in King Zahir's prisons during the 1950s, and proudly recited the opening lines of the U.S. Declaration of Independence, explaining that he admired Americans as people with "a great revolutionary and anticolonialist tradition." Karmal's *chef de cabinet* and one of his principal military aides were more comfortable speaking Russian.

Karmal

Karmal, 52, is a revolutionary of unabashedly pro-Soviet leanings. In the mid-'60s he formed a faction of the People's Democratic [Communist] Party that hewed closely to Moscow's line. After the 1978 coup that brought rivals in a more independent party faction to power, he was sent off into diplomatic exile as Ambassador to Czechoslovakia. In December 1979, when the Soviets invaded and killed his predecessor, Hafizullah Amin, Karmal emerged as the new leader.

Western observers are convinced that Karmal was in the U.S.S.R. at the time of the invasion, that he broadcast his inaugural address as President from Tashkent, and that he was flown into Afghanistan only after the Soviet occupation force was in place. "Lies and fabrications," said Karmal, adding that he had been living secretly in Afghanistan for a few months during the previous regime, and that it was he who "requested" the Soviet intervention on instructions from the Afghan party central committee.

Karmal insisted that the war is going well: "We have defeated the counterrevolutionary bandits even though we have not yet completely destroyed them." Most of the fighting, he said, is handled by the Afghan armed forces, not by the Soviets: "The limited contingent of our Soviet friends is to be held in reserve, as a potential force to be used against the massive outside aggression in this undeclared war that is being waged against us by terrorists operating from some 80 bases in Pakistan. They are armed by the American imperialists and the Chinese hegemonists, and funded by the petrodollars of Saudi Arabia. If the outside interference were to stop, we could solve all our problems in a matter of months, and the limited contingent of our Soviet friends could go back to their home in the peace-loving U.S.S.R."

The U.S. and other backers of the *mujahedin*, Karmal claims, are not really interested in a Soviet pullout: "The forces of hegemonism and imperialism do not want the contingent to withdraw. Why? Because for them the continued presence here of our friends is a pretext that they can exploit against the Soviet Union."

Asked if he or his government disagreed in any way on any issue with the Soviet Union, Karmal answered firmly, "No, not the slightest one." But he insisted that the coincidence of interests does not mean he is a puppet, nor does it make Afghanistan any less sovereign: "There is no power in the world that can crush the spirit of freedom of the Afghan people. It is in our nature to be free and to fight for our freedom."

Keshtmand

Prime Minister Sultan Ali Keshtmand, 47, is the No. 2 man in the regime, having recently taken over the prime ministership from Karmal. He is a longtime Communist and a member of the pro-Soviet faction that gained dominance after the invasion.

In response to the suggestion that the government he titularly heads is really run by the Soviets, Keshtmand shook his head with weary indulgence: "I can say this is absolutely wrong. We run everything ourselves. According to its own policy, the Soviet Union never interferes in the internal affairs of any country in the world. Of course, they are helping us in every field."

Dost

Foreign Minister Shah Mohammed Dost, 52, is a re-

markable study in survival. He has been a career diplomat for 25 years, serving King Zahir until he was deposed in 1973, Mohammed Daoud, who was overthrown and killed in 1978, and then a succession of three Communist leaders, Nur Mohammed Taraki, Amin and now Karmal. Long before the 1978 Communist takeover, Dost was a clandestine party member. He is now leading Afghanistan's worldwide diplomatic campaign to head off another U.N. resolution calling for the withdrawal of Soviet troops.

The U.S., Pakistan, China and other sponsors of the resolution are confident that it will pass by an overwhelming majority, close to the 111-to-22 vote by which it carried a year ago. Dost expressed guarded hopes to the contrary: "It is possible that there may be a resolution with the same wording as last year. But it is my impression that the tempo of the debate on this question may be changing, and the wording may be not as tough against Afghanistan. I think it may be much softer and more flexible. After all, all countries have to submit to the realities in Afghanistan and around us. The principal reality is that there has been a revolution here, there is a government with power and control over the whole country, and there is a party working for the welfare of the majority of the people."

Asked if he truly believes that the government controls, speaks for and has the support of the majority of the population, Dost nodded emphatically and said: "Exactly so. The revolution is being consolidated and the situation turning toward normalization. There is no place in the country where these counterrevolutionary elements have control. Now it also must be said that no one can deny the intervention and aggression against Afghanistan from abroad."

Afghanistan is now pressing for negotiations with Pakistan to seal the rugged 1,125-mile frontier against the influx of aid to the rebels, holding out the possibility of a Soviet withdrawal if the condition is met. Questioned on whether there were any conceivable circumstances in which his government might participate in talks with the rebels, Dost answered, "Categorically no. After all, they [the *mujahedin*] represent no one but themselves. They are mercenaries and bandits. We will not agree to their presence any time, anywhere, in any talks, with anybody, at negotiations in which we participate."

Would the beginning of negotiations with the Pakistanis permit the initial, partial withdrawal of Soviet troops? Said Dost: "Both we and the Soviet Union want this limited contingent of their forces withdrawn. But for that to happen, these interventions from abroad in our affairs should stop, and international guarantees should be given that intervention will not recur. First we must reach that stage: the cessation of all armed intervention and aggression from abroad." ■

PRIZES

Honoring an Unpopular Cause

The Nobel peace award cheers the U.N. refugee program

When Swedish Dynamite Tycoon Alfred Nobel established a peace prize in his name 80 years ago, he specified that it be given for the "best work for fraternity between nations." In the past decade some of the Nobel choices have caused more friction than fraternity, notably the 1973 joint award to North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho and U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, for their role in ending the Viet Nam War; and the 1978 prize to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat for the Camp David agreement, a joint selection that roiled the Arab world. This year the Nobel Committee in Oslo seemed determined to avoid contention. Passed over last week was the front-running candidate, Polish Trade Union Leader Lech Walesa, a choice that would have sorely aggravated the Soviet Union.

Ethiopian refugee baby drinking formula

The delicatessen is now a supermarket.

Instead, the committee announced a seemingly unassailable selection for the 1981 Peace Prize: the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) for its aid to the "tremendous and increasing number of refugees" around the globe. The choice cheered refugee workers, who are not only keeping 10 million refugees around the world alive, but also are contending with attempts by most member countries, including the U.S., to stem the flood of refugees arriving on their shores. In his acceptance statement on behalf of the UNHCR, Commissioner Paul Hartling said of the award that the "voices of millions of refugees in the world have been heard and acknowledged." He added: "It couldn't have come at a better time."

The prestige attached to the $180,000 Peace Prize may make it easier for the UNHCR, which also won the award in 1954, to raise funds for the refugees. Still, it is scarcely likely to persuade a country like Thailand, awash with 300,000 Indochinese, to accept more refugees. Similarly, the award will not dispose the U.S. to take additional Haitians and Cubans. "No country welcomes refugees today," says one high-level refugee aide. "The situation for them is as bad as it was for Jews fleeing from Nazi Germany in the 1930s." As a result of the increasingly hostile reaction to the refugee flow, the UNHCR has had to scramble for funds, personnel and cooperation from host countries. Its $100 million 1978 budget doubled in 1979, then doubled again in 1980 in response to the refugee waves rippling out from Indochina, Afghanistan and Ethiopia.

Ironically, the UNHCR received its highest accolade at a time when several donor countries were questioning its management methods. The agency's executive committee convened at its Geneva headquarters last week partly to look into widespread criticism of UNHCR inefficiency and poor morale. Though few UNHCR staffers and other relief aides criticize the motivation of High Commissioner Hartling, 67, a former Danish Prime Minister who has held the top post at the agency since 1978, some believe he lacks the leadership qualities needed to cope with a far-flung and slow-moving U.N. bureaucracy. Quarreling among top agency officials sometimes slows down operations. As a result, the UNHCR's chief of mission in Pakistan, Roman Kohaut, is retiring in disgust. "I'm fed up with the mess in Geneva," Kohaut told TIME's Wibo Vandelinde last month. "UNHCR resembles a delicatessen that has grown into a huge supermarket but has never adapted its management. Geneva refuses to listen to urgent advice from the field."

Perhaps more serious is the criticism by some independent relief agencies that UNHCR is not aggressive enough in protecting refugees in the countries to which they have fled. "UNHCR is the hostage of the host countries," says one top relief official. "The agency is much too timid about protecting, let alone acting upon flagrant violations of the refugees' rights." Among such violations: Thailand's return of 60,000 Cambodians to famine-struck Kampuchea in 1979, though most flooded back within days, and Hong Kong's repatriation of 10,000 Chinese who escaped from mainland China to the crown colony in the past year. ■

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SUMMIT

Rendezvous in Cancún

To talk of matters North and South, rich and poor

Eyed coldly, it is a trip that hardly seems necessary. The two-day meeting has no formal agenda. There will be no final communiqué. Few of the participants expect much in the way of concrete results. Then why are 22 heads of government,* 1,000 ministers and aides and more than 2,500 journalists converging on the Mexican resort island of Cancún this week for the International Meeting on Cooperation and Development conference? The answers are as varied as the political and economic stripes of the delegations.

For some of the more militant Third World leaders, the Cancún session will be another pulpit from which to bully the industrialized nations for their real and imagined imperialist sins. For others, it will be a chance to lobby face-to-face for change in a world economic order that is stacked against the poorer nations. For Ronald Reagan, it will be an occasion to hold up the U.S. example of free enterprise as the path to development and prosperity. It will also give him an opportunity to meet some important foreign leaders for the first time. Among them: China's Premier Zhao Ziyang.

The main idea behind the summit, that the industrialized world must help the underdeveloped countries climb out of poverty, has been an article of Third World policy for decades. The immediate inspiration for Cancún came from a report published last year by an 18-member independent commission on international development headed by former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. Among its proposals: major aid transfers to the Third World; reform of international lending agencies to provide cheaper credit to the Third World; stabilization of oil and commodity prices to benefit the developing countries. The Brandt report also urged that leaders of the industrialized North and the underdeveloped South gather to discuss their "mutuality of interest." Mexico and Austria took charge and began planning the Cancún conference more than a year ago.

The initial U.S. response to a North-South summit was cool. The Reagan Administration opposes the Third World's demand for "global negotiations" under U.N. auspices—an idea that will be strongly promoted at Cancún. Nor is the Administration, with its emphasis on economic retrenchment at home, enthusiastic about debating vast new outlays of foreign aid (now running at about $6 billion a year). The Reagan team, moreover, views foreign aid as an adjunct of its military and political policies, rewarding more on the basis of friendship than need.

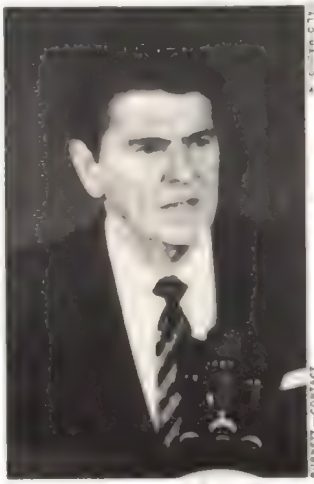
Determined lobbying from Mexico's President José López Portillo, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau helped persuade Reagan to attend Cancún. But he had conditions: Cuba's Fidel Castro must not attend, the meeting should not be held before the Ottawa summit, and there must be no fixed agenda.

Discussion will center on broad topics: food and agriculture, energy, raw materials, trade and development, financial policy. Each head of government will make a short speech, and there will also be informal conversations. Instead of issuing the usual communiqué, Host López Portillo will sum up the sense of the meeting in his closing statement.

Even that vague format contains opportunities for sharp disagreement. Many of the developing countries' key demands clash with Reaganaut philosophy. Commodity prices, for example, are a major sticking point. With some justification, many Third World nations complain that the commodities they sell, such as coffee, tin and sugar, are underpriced, while the goods they buy from the industrialized nations come with ever higher price tags. Yet the idea of artificial price stabilization is anathema to Washington. Says one U.S. diplomat: "If we've had any experience in economy, it shows you can't repeal the law of supply and demand."

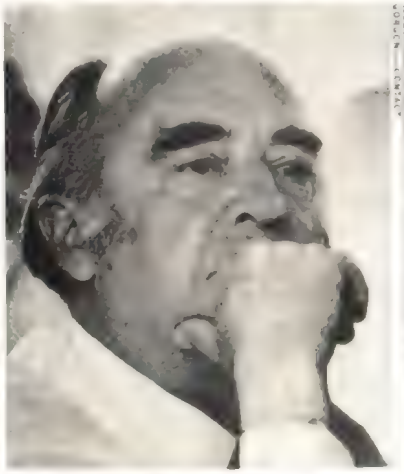
In a speech to the Philadelphia World Affairs Council last week, Reagan gave a preview of his likely position in Cancún. While he held out no hope for direct aid increases or global negotiations, the President pointed to the American experience as proof that "free people build free markets that ignite dynamic development for everyone." His formula for economic advancement includes expanded trade, regional cooperation, technological improvements in agriculture and energy, and promotion of private investment. The formula ignores the fact that many Third World countries follow socialist principles or lack the foundations for a free market economy.

Reagan's up-by-the-bootstraps advice will probably be seconded at Cancún by a fellow conservative, Margaret Thatcher. But Reagan is likely to be at odds with some of Washington's other industrialized allies. French President François Mitterrand, who holds that aid to the Third World also helps the industrialized nations by creating growing demand for their products, will be pushing both for global negotiations under the auspices of the U.N. and some sort of Third World energy program. His favorite energy proposal so far would rely partly on petro-money and would funnel credits to underdeveloped countries through a special "energy affiliate" of the World Bank. Mitterrand will do his best to sell Reagan on the idea, but the last thing France wants is a quarrel with Washington. Says a member of the French delegation: "We would like to avoid a confrontation with the U.S., which would not only be wasteful but quite contrary to what Cancún is all about." —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and James Willwerth/Mexico City, with other bureaus*



Reagan speaking in Philadelphia

Mitterrand during recent speech



Conference Host López Portillo

A format with chances for disagreement

*Algeria, Austria, Bangladesh, Brazil, Canada, China, France, Guyana, India, Ivory Coast, Japan, Mexico, Nigeria, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, Sweden, Tanzania, United Kingdom, U.S., Venezuela, West Germany, Yugoslavia

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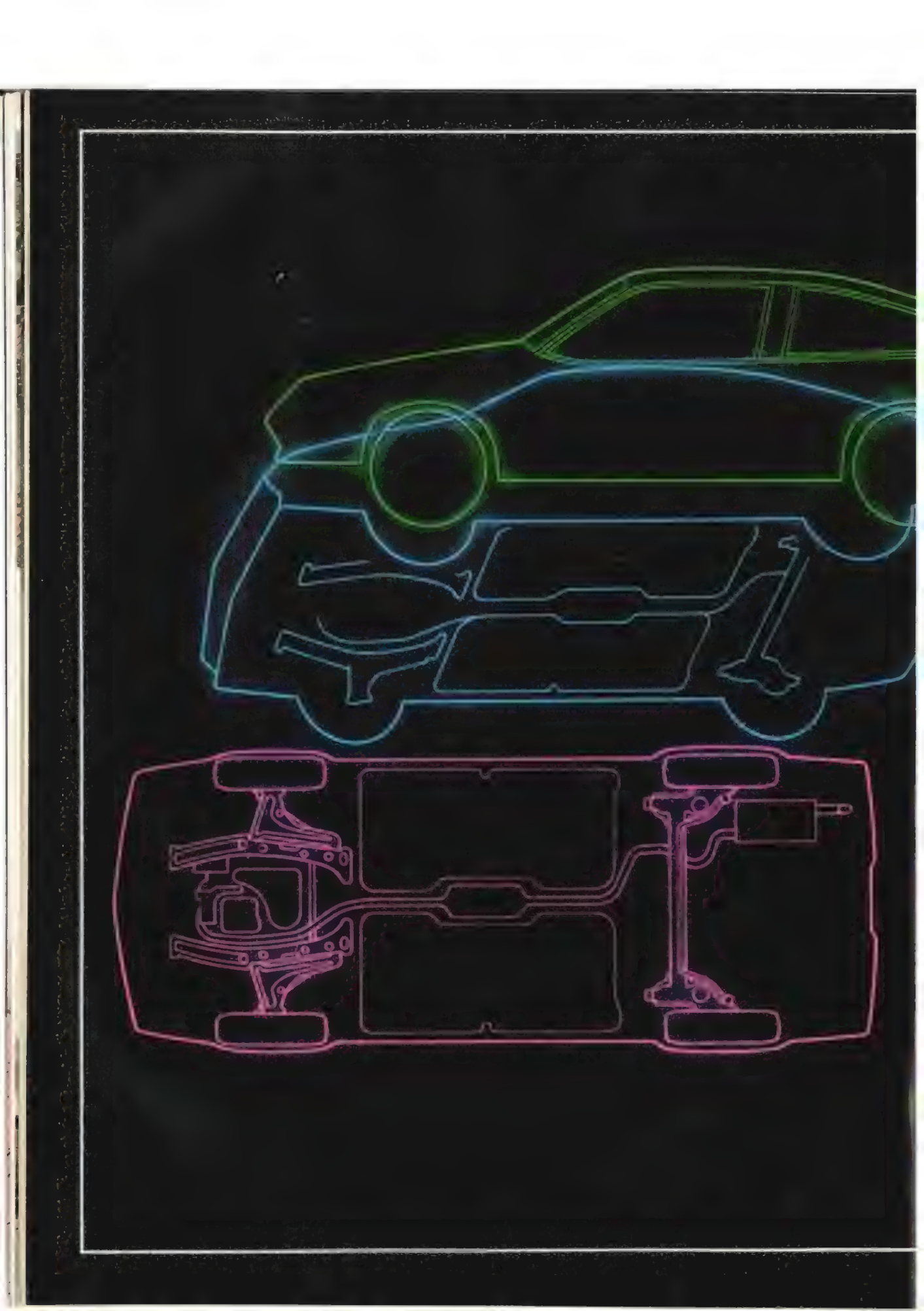

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BRITAIN

Under Fire

Harsh words among the Tories

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MAGGIE! read the 80-ft. banner towed across the gray skies by a small biplane piloted by a fervent Tory supporter. Inside the rococo Winter Gardens ballroom at the seaside resort of Blackpool, the 4,000 delegates to the annual Conservative Party conference last week joined in song and cheers as Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, a self-assured 56, uncorked a bottle of champagne and cut the birthday cake. Exuding confidence, Thatcher picked up on the theme she had stated briskly on her arrival earlier in the day: "All is well. All is very well."

Very little, in fact, was well. As her government reaches the midterm mark, Maggie Thatcher is under fire from virtually every direction. Her bold experiment to turn Britain's sluggish economy around by applying relentlessly monetarist policies has produced staggering 12% unemployment and a host of other alarming statistics. Her approval rating has dropped to 28%, a near-record low for any British Prime Minister. Worried over the prospect of running for re-election on the government's dismal record, a number of Tory backbenchers and some senior party members are openly revolting against her policies and questioning her leadership. In a broadside from the Establishment, the *Times* of London noted that inflation, unemployment, industrial production, interest rates and public spending were all worse now than when the Tories came to power in 1979. Concluded the *Times*: "Whatever the merits of this government, it has lost popular support."

The debate over Thatcher's economic policies and the cold, uncaring image she presents have thoroughly unsettled her own party. The division and rancor that broke into the open at Blackpool were a harsh departure from traditional Tory civility. When Thatcher's Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, put forth a relatively mild motion on law-and-order, it was hooted down. Observed Political Commentator Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian*: "Beneath the incantations of the simple Thatcherite faith is a nasty tone of class grievance and sullen nationalism."

The attack on Thatcher's economics was led by former Prime Minister Edward Heath, who has never forgiven her for the humiliation she inflicted on him when she defeated him as party leader in 1975. Heath insisted that there was an alternative to monetarism: selective reflation and membership in the European Monetary System. Calling the unemployment rate "morally unjustified," he warned that similar disregard for working people in the 1930s had led to dictatorship and war in Europe. "We have now reached the most critical point in the Conservative Party in the past 60 or 70 years," he said.

Prime Minister Thatcher at Blackpool

First the champagne, then the rancor.

Heath's blast was echoed by 13 freshmen Tory M.P.s who are known as the "Blue Chips" because of their predominantly aristocratic backgrounds. They distributed a pamphlet titled *Changing Gear: What the Government Should Do Next*, in which they called for a watering down of Thatcher's monetarism. Far more ominous for the Prime Minister was the lineup of Establishment Tories who are now decrying her economic policies and lack of compassion. Calling monetarism "the uncontrollable in pursuit of the indefinable," Sir Ian Gilmour, who was Deputy Foreign Secretary until Thatcher purged her Cabinet of dissidents last month, bleakly forecast that if Thatcher's policies are not changed "we can say goodbye to the British economy."

Still, Thatcher rode out the storm, firmly in control of the rank-and-file delegates, many of whom would like to see her act even tougher than she has. "I will not change just to court popularity," she declared in a stirring speech at the end of the conference, throwing down the gauntlet. "There are those who say our nation no longer has the stomach for the fight. I think I know our people. They do!" Her exhortation brought the delegates to their feet, cheering, clapping, roaring their approval.

She had carried the conference, but the battle was far from over. Continued misgivings could be read on the faces of several senior ministers, who saw Blackpool as further polarizing British politics, thus benefiting the budding centrist alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats. Privately the ministers intimated that if there is no discernible economic improvement by spring, Thatcher will have to change her tack or face several senior Cabinet resignations. That could well spell the end of her prime ministership. ■

POLAND

Mutual Distrust

Moderates on the defensive

"He was a symbol for all liberals in the party. He was the symbol of hope that it could change." The subject of that description by a Polish journalist was Stefan Bratkowski, 47, one of the Polish Communist Party's leading advocates of cooperation with the independent Solidarity union and the Roman Catholic Church. Bratkowski's liberalism cost him his party membership last week. The decision, revealed at a highly charged Central Committee meeting, comes as a blow to those who hope a reasonable compromise is still possible between the embattled party and the increasingly militant, 9.5 million-strong Solidarity union.

Bratkowski's idea, ironically, did not appear very different from one advanced by the government only a few days earlier: the creation of a permanent committee composed of government and labor leaders to discuss Poland's pressing economic problems. Mutual distrust, however, remains so profound that the suggestion quickly became the focus of a new row between the party and Solidarity. The union's eleven-man presidium rejected the offer because it objected to the inclusion of the old Communist-controlled unions, which still claim to have 4 million members. The government termed Solidarity's response "outrageous," but nonetheless accepted the union's offer to hold bilateral talks on how to alleviate the growing food shortages. It also gave in to Solidarity's demand for a temporary price freeze on most basic goods.

The climate worsened as moderates in both camps faced a growing challenge within their ranks. Although Solidarity had called for a moratorium on strikes, workers in various cities put down their tools last week to protest widespread food and fuel shortages. In Zyrardow, 27 miles west of Warsaw, 12,000 women occupied textile mills. A union official explained that the townspeople faced "real starvation"; they had to wait three or four days, he said, for their weekly ration of 1½ lbs. of meat.

At a provincial party meeting in Warsaw, Communist Party Leader Stanislaw Kania came under attack for showing excessive "submissiveness and liberalism." As the capital swirled with rumors that Kania would be replaced, he adopted an uncharacteristically hard line. "Solidarity, instead of becoming one of the forces for socialist renewal, is becoming one of its main brakes," he told a meeting of the 200-member Central Committee. Kania's tone did not bode well for the future of party-Solidarity cooperation. Nor did the union's latest threat. It will meet this week to decide whether to call for a nationwide warning strike. ■

ISRAEL

First in War, First in Peace

Moshe Dayan: 1915-1981

"My policies often change, sometimes radically. But so do circumstances. I like to think of myself as one of those people who adapt themselves to changing circumstances, who react to the changes, and who sometimes help to create them."

—Moshe Dayan

For millions of people around the world, he was, quite simply, the living symbol of Israel. With his distinctive black eye patch and round boyish face, he was instantly recognizable in any country, in any kind of uniform, even in disguise, which he donned from time to time in the service of his nation's diplomacy. Soldier, statesman and swashbuckling hero of Israel's wars with its Arab neighbors, Moshe Dayan occupied center stage in Israel for more than 30 years. By the time he died last week of a heart attack at 66, Dayan had largely outgrown his image as a warrior and become an impassioned advocate of peace.

Dayan was full of admitted contradictions, a political maverick, immensely charming but fiercely independent and often gloomily distant. His first wife Ruth once remarked that "it's very difficult to be his wife, but it's wonderful to be on the sidelines watching him. He doesn't like anything that's conventional, and he must do everything to perfection." Fearless to the point of folly on the battlefield, he initiated the tradition of Israeli officers personally leading their troops into battle. His extraordinary courage and enormous stature inevitably made him a lightning rod for Israel's triumphs and tragedies. No Israeli political figure soared to such heights of public esteem as did Dayan in the wake of Israel's blitzkrieg victory in the 1967 Six-Day War—or to such depths of public scorn, as he did after the nearly catastrophic October War of 1973.

Unlike most other Israeli leaders of his time, Dayan had his roots in the region: he was born, the first child in the first Jewish kibbutz in Palestine, to Russian immigrant parents in 1915. He developed a deep and lasting love for the land, its history, artifacts and villages, which he wrote about in a 1978 book, *Living with the Bible*. Because of his Arabist interests, he was sometimes disparaged by his colleagues as "that Arab." But to Dayan's credit, he came to appreciate the concerns of his adversaries more than most Israeli officials. His conviction that Jew and Arab must learn to live together and his personal involvement in the post-1967 military occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip gave him a sympathetic ear for Palestinian claims. As Henry Kissinger observed last week, "I always thought he would be the one who would make peace, because he was the one who understood the Arabs."

Dayan embarked on his meteoric career in the military during World War II, when he served with British forces. After Israel gained independence in 1948, he became a protégé of Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion. By 1953, Dayan had risen to chief of staff and soon transformed the ragtag Israeli defense force into one of the most aggressive armies in the world. He gave priority to the development of Israel's air force, and his recognition of the effectiveness of fast-moving armor led to the Israelis' rapid advances in the 1956 Sinai campaign. Dayan was justifiably hailed for his brilliant planning.

Of all his triumphs, none equaled the deceptively easy seizure of huge chunks of Arab territory in the six days of 1967. Over the next few years, Israeli hubris encouraged the notion that the country was invincible. Dayan as Defense Minister repeatedly boasted that the Arabs would never attack, and Israelis believed him. When Egypt did attack on Oct. 6, 1973, Israel was caught totally by surprise, suffering heavy casualties in the early days of the war. Although Israel emerged creditably from its initial debacle, Dayan was not merely blamed but pilloried for the country's lack of preparedness. A commission investigating the causes of the war later exonerated him, but the perception persisted that he had let the country down.

Dayan resigned in 1974 to write his memoirs and pursue his lifelong passion for archaeology and collecting antiquities. But in 1977, Prime Minister Menachem Begin asked Dayan to join the newly elected Likud coalition as Foreign Minister. Colleagues in Dayan's Labor Party were derisive, but Dayan accepted. The post enabled him to become one of the chief Israeli architects of the Camp David accords, though he became angered by Begin's plan to assert Israeli sovereignty over the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip and resigned in 1979.

Determined to have another go at influencing the peace process, Dayan this year formed a new party, Telem, which advocated unilateral Israeli military disengagement from the occupied territories. Dayan hoped to capture enough seats in last June's parliamentary elections to give him an effective voice in the negotiations. It was not to be; the party won only two seats.

If Dayan's eye patch was a badge of bravery (he lost the eye in a 1941 Allied reconnaissance mission in Syria), it was also a constant reminder of private pain. For years he suffered from severe headaches as a result of the injury. Two years ago he was operated on for cancer of the colon. Yet until his death he remained alert, enthusiastic, a familiar if lonely figure in the halls of the Knesset.

"Dayan was a great realist but also a man who had a poetic soul," said Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres, a longtime political colleague. "He had a vision that saw things nobody else saw, and he enchanted other people in a way nobody could quite understand." Said Prime Minister Begin: "He was one of our greatest fighters of the ages." He was also that rarest of heroes, a soldier who could wage peace as fiercely as he waged war. —***By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem***

DAVID RUBINGER

At Jerusalem's Wailing Wall in 1967 after the Six-Day victory

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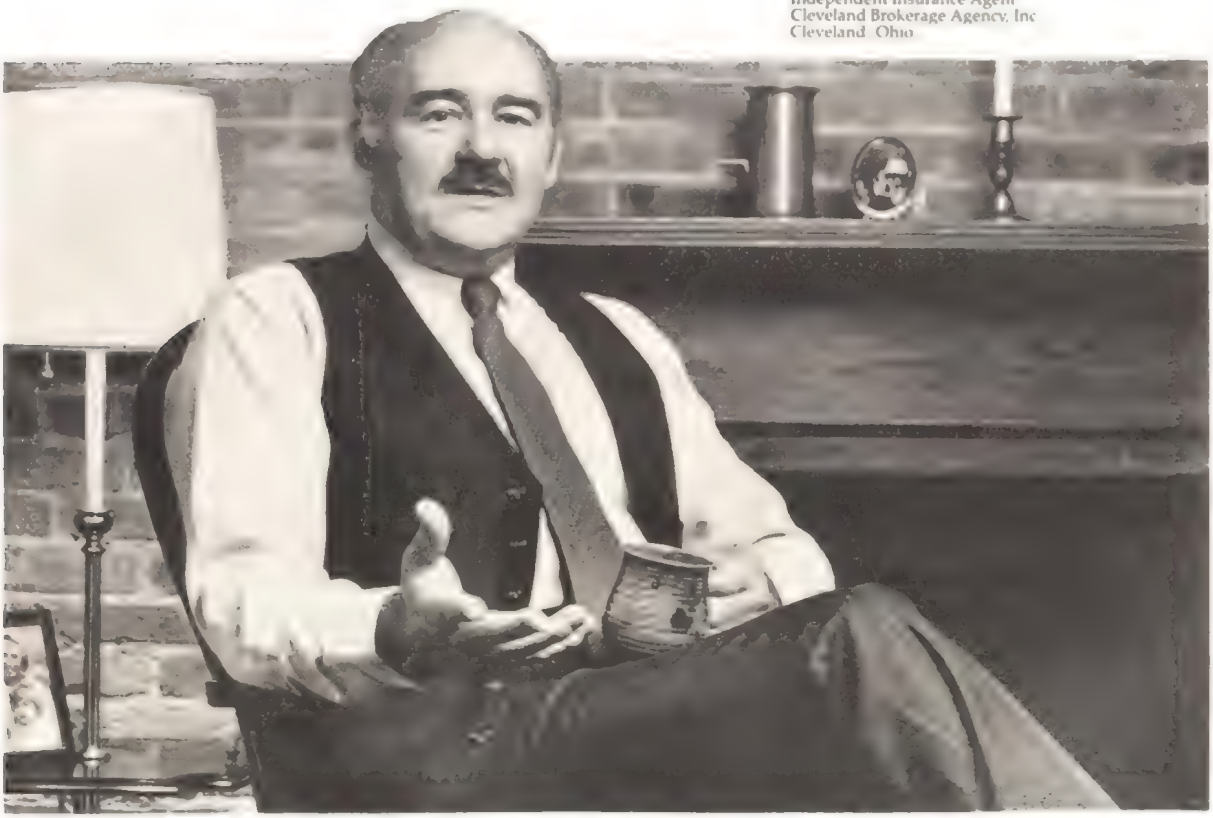

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A message worth repeating.

Saudi Arabia: far more than oil ..

As we observe the widespread debate now in progress about future American foreign policy concerning Saudi Arabia, it seems to us that one important aspect has been almost completely neglected. There has been a flood of commentary on the political and military aspects of the President's proposals but hardly a word on their economic implications. We would like briefly to outline the profound and rapidly-growing economic partnership between the United States and Saudi Arabia.

Although the size and scope of Saudi industrial development is not widely recognized in the United States, the government of Saudi Arabia has been engaged for the last several years in an unprecedented program to provide a strong industrial base and infrastructure for the Saudi economy. Besides the Saudi people, no one has had a larger role in this immense effort than U.S. industry—and the result has been a flourishing network of Saudi investment and Saudi trade involving hundreds of U.S. businesses.

There is more to Saudi Arabia than oil. Saudi Arabia means trade, jobs, and favorable implications for the U.S. balance of payments. Consider these facts:

- More than 700 American companies are now doing business with Saudi Arabia.
- The enterprises involved extend to 42 states, to businesses large and small—contractors, subcontractors, suppliers.
- Even without regard to Aramco and the large U.S. oil companies, American business now holds well in excess of $35 billion in contracts for work with Saudi Arabia.
- The Saudi involvement with U.S. industry covers virtually the entire spectrum of U.S. commerce—from weather stations to chains of supermarkets, construction of petrochemical complexes and tire-manufacturing plants, shipbuilding, hospitals.
- Saudi Arabia has also provided a ready market for advanced technologies, such as their nationwide computer-information system, water desalination plants, and pilot projects in solar power. A great deal more work has come from the wide Saudi use of American advisory and management services.
- This volume of business actually dwarfs the work and contracts involving Aramco and the large American oil companies—although there, too, the flow of trade with Saudi Arabia is substantial.
- Taken as a whole, the U.S. business relationship with Saudi Arabia has resulted in jobs here for hundreds of thousands of men and women and has had a positive and stabilizing influence toward a favorable U.S. balance of payments.
- In addition to trade, the Saudis further help the U.S. balance of payments by investing a major part of their surplus funds in dollars.

The fact is that U.S. business has long been the preferred supply base for the industrial transformation of Saudi Arabia: a relationship of great benefit to both partners.

All the other industrial nations compete vigorously for Saudi business and aspire to fill America's shoes. That so much of this business has come to American firms is ample demonstration, in our opinion, of the priority given by Saudi Arabia to the development and maintenance of a strong economic partnership with the United States and U.S. business. It may be seen as evidence of Saudi trust not merely in U.S. technological strength and capability but in our dependability as a friend and economic ally.

This relationship can be enhanced and built upon. Surely, the magnitude and promise of this economic alliance cannot be ignored and should be understood by all Americans.

Saudi Arabia is far more than oil—it means trade for America, jobs for Americans, and strength for the dollar.

The above advertisement from Mobil has been published over the past several days in eleven major newspapers.

Presented in the interest of constructive debate

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And repeating.

..$35 billion in business for U.S. firms

Here are just a few of the more than 700 U.S. companies with contracts involving Saudi Arabia, exclusive of Aramco and the large U.S. international oils:

Bendix Field Engineering Co....General Motors...Hudson Shipbuilders...Badger Co. ...Enstrom Helicopter...Martin-Marietta... Technology World, Inc....Caudill/Rowlett/ Scott...Giffels Assoc....Combustion Engineering...Onan Corp....Kenilworth Systems ...Sanders Associates...C. F. Braun Int'l.... G. A. Fuller Corp....Ferendino/Grafton/ Spillis/Candela...Honeywell...Williams International Group...Carlson Corp....Federal Electric...Blount Int'l....National Medical Enterprises...Trane Co....Tumpane Co.... Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Co....Haines/ Lundberg/Waehler...International Systems Inc....Universal Oil Products...Westinghouse Electric...Allis-Chalmers...PA Int'l.... Powell Industries...Raytheon...William I. Pereira Assoc....King-Wilkinson, Inc.... Aydin Industries...Turtle & Hughes...Intercomp Resource Development & Engr.... Halter Marine...Dalton/Dalton/Newport... Loffland Brothers...Browning-Ferris... Stanley Consultants...S. J. Groves & Sons ...Union Carbide...3-D Int'l. Consultants ...Interplastic Corp....Bernard Johnson Inc. ...Black & Vetch Int'l....DeMatteis & Sons... Kaiser Engineering...Transamerica DeLaval ...CRC Automatic Welding...Ebasco Services...Lyon Assoc....M. M. Sundt Inc.... Fisher Controls Int'l....Tetra Tech Inc....Lyco Z-F...Graham/Solano Assoc....Tracor, Inc. ...Tippets/Abbet/McCarthy/Stratton... Daniel International...Safeway Supermarkets...Dow Chemical...Healthcare Int'l.... Lehr Assoc....Valmont Int'l....Dames & Moore...Louis Berger Int'l....ATE/DMJM... Syska & Hennessy...Ashland Oil... McDonnell-Douglas...Transact International ...Ramada Int'l....Riley Co....Brown Boveri ...Sargent/Webster/Crenshaw...Lockheed ...Carrier Int'l....Abercrombie & Kent Int'l. ...Kawneer Co....Hellmuth/Obata/ Kassabaum...Midrex Corp....Sanders & Thomas, Inc....Benham, Blair & Affiliates... International Harvester...Baroid Petroleum Services...Chrysler...Hilton International... Owens-Corning Fiberglass...HBH Co.... Brad Regan Tires...Wackenhut...Stone/ Marracini/Patterson...Metcalf & Eddy...Celanese...J. Ray McDermott...Lockwood Greene Engineering...Kuljian Corp....Envirogenics Systems...Borg-Warner... Frederick Electronic...Litton...Atlas Van Lines...McCarthy Company...Brown & Root ...Electronic Data Systems...Baker Marine... Russell & Axxon...Neptune Int'l....Georgia-Pacific Corp....General Electric...Moran/ Brown...FMC Corp....Foster-Wheeler Corp. ...Schmidt/Garden/Erikson...Pullman Kellogg...Stouffer Management Food Service... CH2M Hill International...United Technologies...Wilson-Murrow Co....Avis... Western Electric...Alexander & Alexander... Behring International...Continental Telephone Int'l....Sperry-Rand...Wiley & Wilson ...J. A. Jones Construction...Vinnell Overseas Corp....CRS Design Assoc....Henkels & McCoy...Whittaker...Joe M. Rodgers Assoc....Boeing...Kling Partnership... Chicago Bridge & Iron...American Air Filter... Crest Middle East...Morrison-Knudson... Dravo Corp....Stanley Consultants... Sorenson-Gross...Turner International... Dynalectron Corp....Cadillac-Gage... Dresser Industries...Culligan International... McGaughy/Marshall/McMillan...Drexel Heritage...NBBJ Int'l....Computer Sciences Corp....Sam P. Wallace Int'l....Rockwell Int'l. ...Charles T. Main Int'l....Lee Scarfone & Assoc....Anaconda Wire & Cable...Greyhound...Bechtel...Kentron Int'l....Holmes & Narver...Northrop...Fluor...Granger Assoc. ...Ralph M. Parsons.

on a critical national issue by **Mobil**

Hard Times on Main Street

Small businesses everywhere are staggering from sky-high interest rates

It was a protest that both spoke of frustration and a sense of enveloping helplessness. Silver-haired Chicago Businessman William H. Hoyerman, 55, walked outside the red brick entrance of his truck-body plant, General Body Co., and lowered the American flag to half-mast. He then sent letters to his suppliers and customers, exhorting them to do the same. Said he: "Let us fly our flags at half-mast in mourning for the millions of employees and businesses like ourselves, who are being hurt by high interest rates."

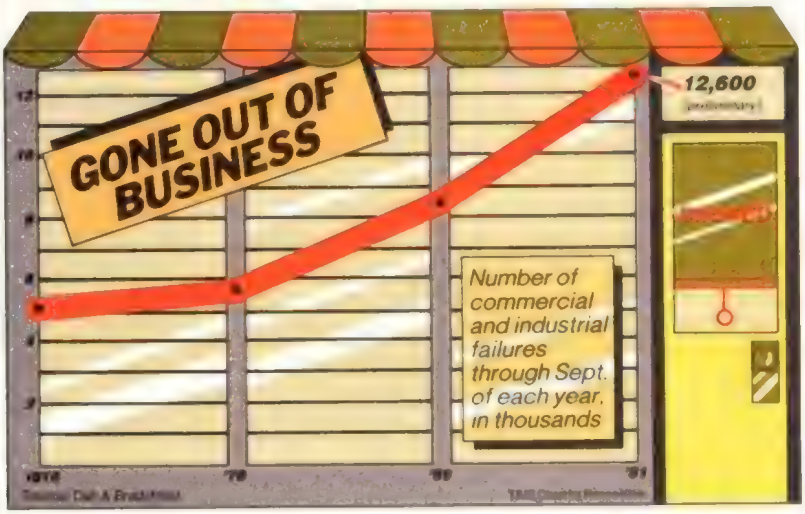
Small businesses, which are roughly defined as those firms with fewer than 500 employees, are the very backbone of the U.S. economy, accounting for more than 56% of all jobs in the American labor force. Yet all across the U.S. managers and owners of small businesses are reeling as the towering cost of money pushes one firm after another to the edge of bankruptcy and, all too frequently, right down into the abyss of forced liquidation. During the first week of October alone, 468 U.S. companies, ranging in size from neighborhood dry cleaners to sprawling regional lumber mills, closed their doors for good, a rate that is more than double the number of a year ago and a cruel reminder to Ronald Reagan that for millions of self-employed small businessmen, supply-side economics is coming to mean pain and suffering aplenty.

Interest rates have replaced inflation as the No. 1 double-digit nightmare of businessmen everywhere, and the sheer unpredictability of the future cost of money has all but paralyzed decision making in firms both large and small. Last week short-term interest rates moved a notch downward, as several of the nation's largest banks dropped their prime rate to 18%. But long-term rates for corporate bonds and other such investments actually showed signs of inching upward a touch.

Meanwhile, Economist Henry Kaufman of the New York investment banking firm of Salomon Brothers, whose pessimistic yearlong predictions of ever higher rates have proved unnervingly accurate, delivered yet another gloomy forecast. He warned a group of corporate financial officers in New York that Government borrowing will propel the cost of money to new and higher peaks in the next six months or so. Said he: "A noose is now tightening around the credit markets."

With the cost of money high, business conditions have begun to deteriorate, and hardest hit are the smaller firms. Unlike large corporations, which can pass on mounting overhead expenses by raising prices or turn to friendly banks for loans at a discount from the prime rate whenever they need a few million in cash, smaller firms have no such opportunities. Even in the best of times, many of them exist on a shoestring of high debts, thin profits and volatile markets.

When the economy turns sour, small businesses are the first to feel it. Customers delay payments for months on end, while suppliers turn around and demand cash on delivery. At the same time lenders, such as local and regional commercial banks and finance companies, demand rates of two, three, and five points above the prime, and sometimes just turn off the money spigot altogether.



The current interest-rate squeeze first made itself felt nearly two years ago among auto dealers and homebuilders. Now, it is rippling through the rest of the economy, causing failures from garment wholesalers to furniture dealers, from small manufacturers to Main Street retailers. Some casualties:

▶ In June of 1980, Lessie McMiller took a $44,000 second mortgage on his Oakland, Calif., home to buy the La Rue restaurant in Emeryville, Calif., and go into business for himself. Yet no sooner did he open his doors than the Bay Area restaurant business began to dry up. For a while, McMiller's suppliers delayed payments on his monthly food and laundry bills, but then they began demanding cash on delivery. As his debts grew—eventually to more than $4,000 per month in payments—McMiller tried to borrow his way out of trouble, but no bank would lend. Last August he filed to restructure his debt under the Federal Bankruptcy Act. He has laid off six of his ten employees and leased his restaurant.

▶ Tasco Inc., a Shell Rock, Iowa, builder of hog barns, grew rapidly during the 1970s and saw its employment rolls swell to 200. Last year the cost of carrying Tasco's debt load escalated as the company frantically borrowed money from one lender in order to pay off another. At the same time Tasco's hard-pressed farmer customers, equally strapped for cash, began to postpone building plans and cancel orders for hog sheds. With debts of $8.5 million and assets of only $1.2 million, the company filed for bankruptcy last spring and is now in receivership.

▶ Stephen C. Kent, 38, the father of two, opened a hardware and building-supply store in Atkins, Ark., 2½ years ago with a $50,000 loan, at 10%, from the Small Business Administration. When sales turned down this year, Kent could not stretch his finances any further. By last week he was literally out on the street. Said he glumly the day before an auctioneer gaveled off pieces of his business to the highest bidder: "It was almost impossible to make my payments; I just couldn't see any future in it."

The companies that wind up in bankruptcy court are only the most visible victims of the nation's small-business blues.

Often unnoticed are the ripple effects that come when businesses go under: the failure of the small sawmill that shakes the economy of a rural community; the entrepreneur who amasses only red ink in return for risking his capital and decides to play it smart next time and stick his cash in a high-yielding money-market fund; the worthy new enterprise that cannot afford to borrow and expand and therefore loses market share and stagnates, perhaps eventually being driven out of business altogether by some tough and well-heeled foreign competitor from, say, Japan. Says Purdue University Economist William Dunkelberg, a small-business expert: "For every firm that goes bankrupt, there are another 15 to 20 firms that pay off their debts and just close their doors."

"The small businessman is acting like he's in an airplane threatening to crash," says Mike McKevitt, director of the National Federation of Independent Business, which has 502,000 members. "He's throwing stuff out the windows to lighten up—trimming back inventories, prolonging payments, laying off workers—anything to keep going a while longer." Though he empathizes with the plight of new businesses that get knocked flat before they can stand upright on their own, McKevitt is much more concerned about the growing number of existing businesses that are beginning to succumb. Says he: "Everywhere I go it is the same question: 'How much longer am I going to have to hold out?' When you see the collapse of businesses that are ten, 20 and 30 years old, that is when you start to worry."

Ironically, some financing gimmicks designed to help small businessmen are backfiring. Frank Romano, owner of a Massachusetts advertising firm, borrowed $1 million in 1979 at a 10% rate designed to float up or down in tandem with movements in the prime rate. Now the rate on Romano's loan stands at 22%. The increased interest cost of $220,000 in annual loan charges is a key reason why Romano has now laid off fully one-half his staff of 100. Romano blames the Federal Reserve for his high interest rate miseries, and is lobbying the Massachusetts congressional delegation in Washington to get a small businessman and a farmer appointed to the Fed's board of governors.

Other suffering small businessmen say that commercial banks themselves are much to blame. Complains Jan Pitman Vanderpool, owner of a cash-strapped California management-consulting firm: "Banks are fair-weather friends. They'll hold an umbrella over your head when the sun shines. But when you need money, the bank either isn't there or the debt service is so high that you end up working for free."

More and more small businessmen are now being forced to look for money from unconventional sources, and this has given rise to small-business money brokers. One such firm is Octagon Financial of Marietta, Ga., which arranges credit lines for small-business clients through finance companies and then charges as much as 4% of the total loan as a commission.

Many small businessmen say they are just managing to hang on until interest rates come down, but they may have a long wait. Thomas J. Holt of Westport, Conn., who publishes a prescient, twice-monthly investment newsletter, *Holt Investment Advisory*, contends that interest rates will remain high even as the economy itself slows. Reason: companies will have to borrow more than ever in order to compensate for reduced cash flow and fewer sales, as well as to keep rolling over their already accumulated debt. If retail sales drop suddenly, and inventories build up even more rapidly, credit will be further strained.

The small businessman seems caught in a dilemma not of his own making. While inflation was roaring at a double-digit rate, he was pinched in the vise of high prices and high labor costs. Now that inflation shows some signs of abating, he is being punished instead by high lending costs. Eventually, he will have no choice but to adapt. Adjustment to changing conditions is in fact what being in business for one's self is all about, and the small businessman has demonstrated time and again that he is up to the challenge. On this occasion, however, the cost of adaptation is proving extraordinary. —***By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Sara White/Boston, with other U.S. bureaus***

A History of Failure

The current economic upset is proving bad enough for small business, but even the best of times often turn out to be no picnic either. Paradoxically enough, business failures are as much associated with a booming economy as with one that is slumping, and frequently high interest rates have nothing to do with the problem at all.

This year's casualty totals threaten to rise no higher than the peaks of the ten-year period between 1957 and 1967, which began with a mild recession under Dwight Eisenhower, encompassed John F. Kennedy's famous expansionary tax cut in 1964, and ended just as the Lyndon Johnson boom years of Viet Nam were beginning to fire up domestic inflation. In 1957, 13,739 firms went bust. In 1967, near the zenith of the go-go years, 12,364 companies went under. The highest number of failures registered during the entire period, 17,075, came in 1961, the springboard year of the boom. By comparison, business failures in 1981 now seem set to rise no higher than 17,000 or so for the year as a whole.

The roller-coaster 1920s were particularly bad times for small business. Economic growth gyrated wildly, but the overall trend was briskly upward. In 1922 the economy expanded at an extraordinary rate of nearly 16%, but business failures also leaped up, to 23,676 for the year, or 120 per 10,000 firms. In 1924 economic growth declined by .2%; and business failures eased back too, totaling 20,615 for the year. In 1929, the year of the Crash, the total stood at no more than 22,909, a modest decline from the previous year's 23,842. The worst year for failures in this century was 1932, the year of the Great Depression, when 31,822 businesses shut their doors.

One obvious reason why businesses succumb when the economy suddenly, and unexpectedly, jumps up is that firms get caught off guard or are unable to adjust to the changed circumstances. During business booms, companies often are unable to raise prices fast enough to offset increased costs. The result is a crippling cash squeeze that can drive a firm into insolvency. Another way of saying it all, of course, is one of the eternal and lasting verities of the capitalist system: risk-taking involves risks.

Busts in a boom year: files of bankruptcy records in Los Angeles in 1966

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May the Source Be with You

A flood of information arrives at home via computers

For most families, household utilities usually mean electricity, the heating system and a supply of fresh water. But when middle-income New Yorkers next month begin moving into a newly completed 52-unit condominium at 260 West Broadway in Manhattan's Tribeca district, they will find not just sinks, tubs and electrical outlets, but builder-installed computer terminals. The inconspicuous machines, which look like small television sets with a keyboard, are hooked up to a McLean, Va., firm that styles itself an "information utility." Its daunting name: the Source.

The Source and its 12,000 nationwide customers are part of the still small, but explosively growing, new business of consumer data banks. For fees that can amount to as little as a few cents a month, the data banks are using computer technology and telephone lines to provide household subscribers with the opportunity to summon up-to-the-minute information on everything from the action on Wall Street to the best shopping bargains available from brand-name discount houses around the country

For years major corporations have earned extra income by marketing the sort of research and scientific information that routinely get produced and then filed away in the normal course of business. Data banks buy the information, put it in their own computers and then resell it either to other corporations or perhaps to large research institutes.

One such bank, DIALOG Information Services Inc. of Palo Alto, Calif., buys reports, statistics and doctoral dissertations from some 140 different corporations, universities and even the government. When using the service, a subscriber dials a toll-free 800 number and connects his telephone receiver to a coupler device that links his office computer to the DIALOG computer. He can then transmit queries and receive the answers within seconds. Cost for such services can run as high as $300 an hour, a sum that businesses can afford much more readily than the average individual can.

But the mushrooming popularity of personal computers has now begun to spur the development of data banks specially tailored for individual consumers. The Source, which is a subsidiary of *Reader's Digest*, offers subscribers everything from financial planning to word processing. Source subscribers can monitor the schedule of current legislative activities in the Congress, check the latest changes in airline schedules and send "electronic mail" to other subscribers by using Source computers as a kind of space-age postal system. Gerald Reinen, a Massachusetts business consultant, reports that not only does he use the Source for business applications at the office but his children use it at home when they want to look up movie reviews.

Another consumer data bank, CompuServe Inc., of Columbus, offers electronic copies of stories in ten major national newspapers, including the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times* on the same day that the newspapers hit the stands. Also available is current news from the Associated Press wire service. Through its Microquote data base, CompuServe provides constantly updated information on any of more than 40,000 different stocks, bonds and commodities.

Prices are not cheap. The Source charges customers a one-time sign-up fee of $100, plus a monthly minimum of $10, whether the system is used or not. Additional "on-line" fees can be anywhere from $4.25 to $30 an hour, depending upon the time of day and the nature of the information requested. CompuServe requires an initial sign-up fee of $19.95, but fees for on-line usage during business hours are higher than the Source's.

Before he can communicate with a data bank, a subscriber needs either a personal computer, which can cost anywhere from $1,500 to $8,000, or one of the much less expensive electronic keyboards that retail in hobby shops for under $400. There is a serious drawback to the keyboards, though. While cheaper to buy, they often wind up being more expensive to use. Reason: keyboards lack computer memory power, and thus can communicate with data banks only at the pace of the human typing information into the machine, which is fairly slow by computer standards.

In contrast, personal computers can be preprogrammed to ask questions before they are ever connected to data banks. Moreover, once connected, via a toll-free call over a household telephone line, the personal computers can transmit requests for data at superfast speeds. This can cut a subscriber's on-line usage from hours to minutes, or even seconds, at a time, resulting in huge savings in monthly bills. Says Marshall Graham, president of the Source: "Our equipment is constantly in operation, but the average bill to our customers is no more than about $25 per month."

Though total subscribers to both the Source and CompuServe now number fewer than 27,000, the Source alone expects to have 20 times that many on-line customers within three years. Meanwhile, a number of other companies, including CBS, Warner Amex, Cox Broadcasting and Time Inc., are working to bring similar services into the home via so-called interactive cable-television systems. Such systems would use a television cable instead of a telephone line to transmit the data, and permit viewers to extract information by means of specially modified television sets equipped with keyboards. Tests are now under way with cable subscribers in San Diego, Columbus, Dallas and elsewhere. Whatever the actual transmission technology, it seems that people are becoming increasingly hungry for the information wizardry that computers are bringing about, especially now that the magic can be brought right into the home.

—By Christopher Byron. Reported by Christopher Redman/Detroit

Happy hookup: John Wherry and his sons contact data bank via computer in their Virginia home

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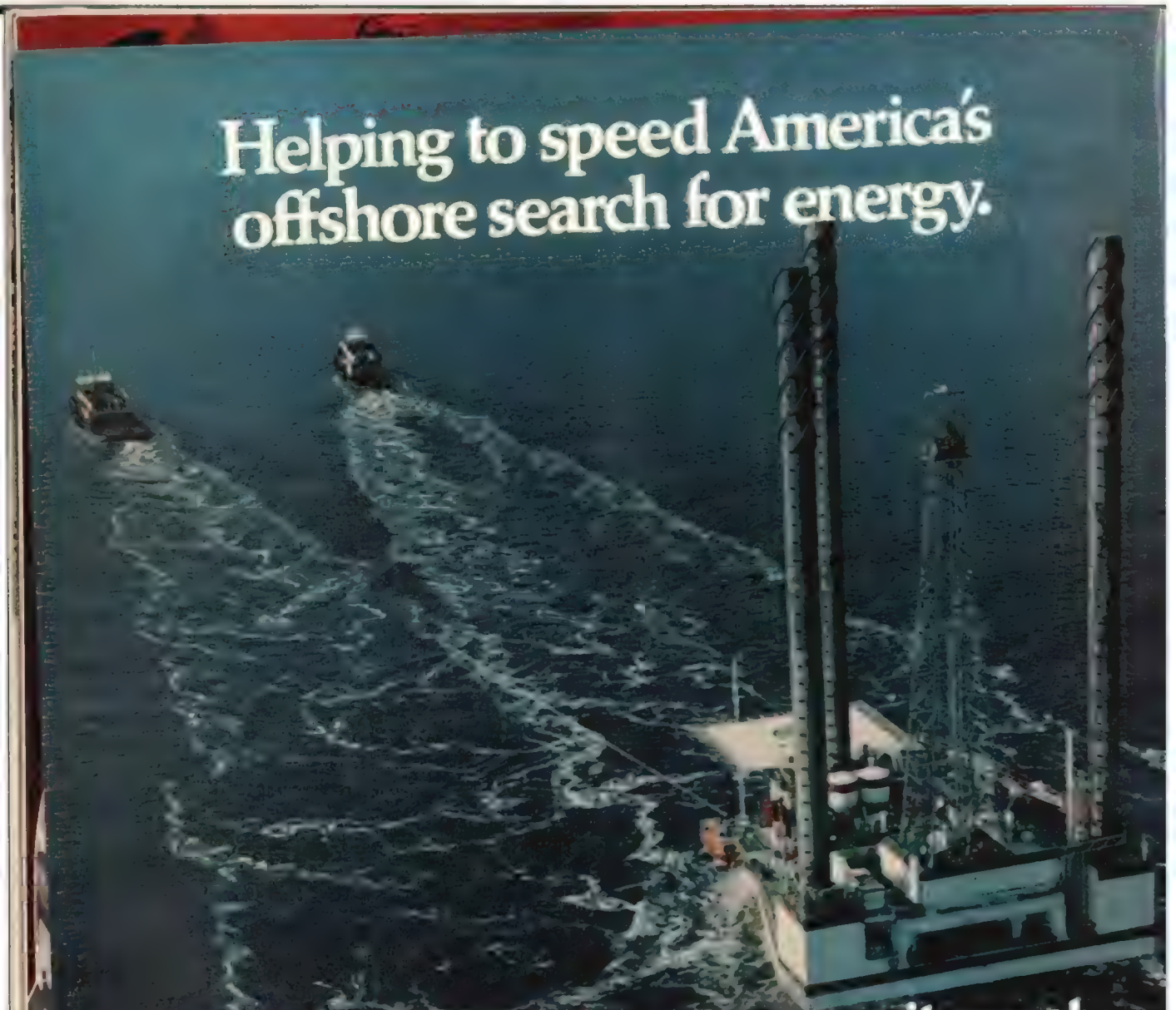

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Dealing Again

Peking revives two projects

When China's Communist planners last winter abruptly canceled $2.5 billion worth of industrial development projects with West German and Japanese construction, manufacturing and engineering firms, it looked as if the country's much touted Four Modernizations program, which was launched in 1978, was about to take a Great Leap Sideways. Now it seems that the government is having second thoughts about its hasty budget chopping.

Two weeks ago, China and Japan wrapped up a $1.3 billion financing deal that gives new life to two of the most important of the earlier, canceled projects. Phase I of a $5 billion iron- and steelworks at Baoshan, near Shanghai, and a huge petrochemical complex at the Daqing oilfield in Heilongjiang province.

Under the new arrangement, Japan will provide approximately $570 million in a 30-year loan at 3% interest, plus $442 million in export credits at a rate of 7.5%. To cover the remainder, the Chinese have agreed to seek regular commercial loans at prevailing interest rates, the first time that Peking has done so.

Both sides clearly benefit from the deal. For China, it means a return to work on two showpieces of the modernization drive. The Baoshan complex, to be built by Nippon Steel, was planned as an industrial cornerstone for the country. The Daqing petrochemical project, for which Peking had already imported most of the machinery, is intended to help make China a world-class producer of products ranging from ethylene to synthetic fibers.

For Japan, the deal has obvious attractions. The renewed opportunity in China means the possibility of more orders for a number of engineering and heavy-equipment manufacturers, such as Toyo Construction and Mitsui & Co. At the same time, the extra cost to the Japanese treasury will not be all that high. Much of the money to help China finance the projects will come from funds already earmarked by Japan for other, less important Sino-Japanese development deals.

Why the sudden turnaround by the Chinese? For one thing, Peking badly underestimated the rancor that the cancellations provoked among international businessmen, who accused the People's Republic of everything from waffling to downright deceit. Says one Peking-based diplomat: "The Chinese just did not expect such a sensation, but when they saw the result they decided to try to repair the damage."

By way of penance, the Chinese agreed to pay some $40 million in compensation to Mitsubishi Heavy Industries for the cancellation of a $420 million hot-rolling steel mill that was to form part of a second phase at Baoshan. Peking also belatedly agreed to import and pay for all of the petrochemical equipment and technology that it had originally signed for with Japanese and West German firms, a commitment that could total as much as $1.5 billion. Industrial development in the People's Republic still faces serious obstacles. Not only must the country be able to train the millions of skilled workers and technicians who will be needed in its plants and factories, but it must also be able to meet its loan obligations over the long term. That may not be easy. In spite of a commitment to a balanced budget for 1981, the country is expected to wind up with a deficit of perhaps as much as $3 billion by year's end. Though China's oil reserves are thought to be enormous, production capacity is already severely strained, and to feed domestic needs China is, among other things, planning to cut petroleum deliveries to Japan next year by 45%, to 8.3 million tons. That would hardly seem to bode well for a major petrochemical expansion of the sort envisioned for Daqing.

On the other hand, China's difficulties are a good reason to stop worrying about where the money will come from, and start investing in the wealth-producing plants and factories that are needed for any country to be truly self-reliant over the long haul. China's renewed, albeit cautious, interest in industrial development seems to indicate that the message is once again beginning to be appreciated by Peking's economic planners. ■

U.S. Customs official dumps counterfeit Cartier watches on pavement for steamrolling

The Big Crunch

It looked like a send-up of a Timex-watch commercial. In the parking lot of the U.S. federal building in West Los Angeles, an eight-ton steamroller moved back and forth over a pavement strewn with more than 4,000 wristwatches. Yet, when the torture stopped, not a watch was ticking.

Thus went Operation Big Crunch, endorsed by none other than the august French jewelry firm of Cartier. The stunt was aimed at discouraging the lucrative rip-off of luxury goods through counterfeiting. The crushed timepieces, which will go on display in Cartier stores around the world, were phony renditions of the company's famous $650 Tank watch. They were nabbed en route from Zurich to Tijuana by alert U.S. Customs inspectors. Once in Mexico, the fakes could have been sold for $300 to $400 each.

In the past, counterfeit goods were returned by the Customs Service to the exporter. But after appeals from Cartier and some 50 other manufacturers that have banded together in the International Anti-Counterfeiting Coalition, the Los Angeles officials became the first in the U.S. to take advantage of a 1978 law enabling the Customs Service to confiscate counterfeit property and destroy it.

The squashed shipment of watches represents no more than a fraction of the counterfeit goods that move in international trade every day. Counterfeits are a problem for such other well-known brand-name products as Levi Strauss blue jeans, Puma running shoes, and Johnnie Walker Scotch whisky. Cartier's hope is that the steamroller tactics will help encourage governments around the world to take whatever steps are necessary to crush the counterfeiters.

Keynesian Yalie

Honoring a U.S. economist

James Tobin, 63, likes to joke about himself as "a discredited Keynesian," in reference to his economics hero, John Maynard Keynes. Last week the mild-mannered Yale economics professor got the last laugh. In Stockholm, the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences announced that it was awarding him the 1981 Nobel Prize in Economics. Tobin thus becomes the tenth U.S. citizen to receive the prize since it was first awarded in 1969.*

Selection committee officials made plain that the Nobel deliberations took no notice of recent attacks on Reaganomics by Tobin, a longtime opponent of the monetarist school of Milton Friedman, who received the Nobel Prize in 1976. Rather, they said, the $181,818 prize was awarded for Tobin's career-long academic contributions to economic science. Chief among these is Tobin's belief that money (cash and bank deposits) should not be sharply distinguished by economists from other financial and physical assets. Instead, Tobin views money as only one part of "a continuous spectrum of assets" that can be substituted for each other, even including such tangible items as real estate, sports cars and Chinese ceramics.

To explain the way firms and households manage their assets and debts, Tobin developed the so-called "portfolio selection theory." The concept enables economists to trace the effects of monetary policies, interest rates and inflation on investment decisions. Before Tobin propounded his theory, economists usually assumed that people automatically tried to reap the biggest return for their investment dollars. Tobin showed that investors tend not just to seek a good return but to balance their holdings in accordance with the overall risks involved.

James Tobin

A soft-spoken and shy man, Tobin was appointed to President John F. Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers in 1961. "I'm a sort of ivory tower economist," he warned the President with characteristic modesty. Replied Kennedy: "That's all right. I'm a sort of ivory tower President." When he found out that he had been named the winner of this year's Nobel Prize, Tobin said that he was "surprised, excited and pleased." But his wife Betty took the news in stride. "I've been expecting this for years," said she, "ever since Milton Friedman won the prize." ■

*The others: Paul Samuelson, Simon Kuznets, Kenneth Arrow, Wassily Leontief, Tjalling Koopmans, Milton Friedman, Herbert Simon, Theodore Schultz, Lawrence Klein.

Dividends

Courtesy, Machine Style

Standing in line at the supermarket is not usually a barrel of laughs. But at Albertson's Food Center in San Jose, Calif., the checkout counter is turning out to be the most entertaining part of the visit. Albertson's, along with five other U.S. supermarkets, has installed a tiny black box manufactured by National Semiconductor Corp. of Santa Clara, Calif. The device electronically simulates a woman's voice calling out the price of each item, the total bill and the amount of change owed shoppers. The machine, dubbed POSitalker, is usually connected to a so-called laser scanner, which is a computerized checkout machine that can automatically add up a shopper's selections simply by reading a computer code printed on the packages.

Since scanners do their work with lightning speed, and in silence, more than a few shoppers naturally wonder whether everything is being totted up accurately. POSitalker was designed to give them reassurance that the laser scanner is doing its work properly, and most people seem pleased enough. Says Peter Scialabba, 37: "More stores should have them. Lots of times you wonder if you are getting the right change, but this eliminates the wonder." One dissenting voice belongs to Linda Swope, an Albertson's customer who complains about one part of the supermarket experience that no machine can make pleasant. Says she: "It's disgusting. No one wants to hear that one lousy steak costs $4.57."

Futon Fever

Usually it is the Japanese who copy and improve American-made products. But some savvy U.S. business people are aiming to beat the Japanese at their own game. They are designing and selling spiffed-up versions of the traditional Japanese futon, or sleeping mat, to none other than eager American shoppers. Traditional Japanese futons are thin, muslin-wrapped cushions. U.S. makers have thickened the cotton stuffing in futons, covered them in designer fabrics and succeeded in promoting the joys of "all-natural sleep."

"My customers say they feel better, walk better, talk better," reports Sally Baker, who owns Chicago's Futon Studio. Boston's Shinera Futon Mattress Inc. sells 75,000 units yearly at about $95 for one of twin size covered in a standard fabric. To emphasize the comfort dimension, some new futons come with a core of foam rubber, which seems to disturb at least a few futon purists. Not to worry, soothes Emily Kossowsky of Boston's New Moon Futon Co. Says she: "We stress that the foam is surrounded by cotton."

"Old Girls" and "Old Boys"

To get ahead at the office, more than a few career-conscious men have turned to their "old boy networks" of friends and schoolmates. Working women are now discovering that they can do something similar. In Minneapolis, some 2,400 career women belong to a self-help job-counseling group that is pointedly named All the Good Old Girls. For membership dues ranging between $5 and $100 annually, Minneapolis' Good Old Girls and hundreds of similar networks throughout the U.S. provide members with contacts among other working women, as well as seminars on topics like speechwriting, managerial techniques and job stress.

One obvious reason these networks have been organized is that, as relative newcomers to mostly male managerial echelons, women feel they lack the executive contacts possessed by their male colleagues. But members say they also view the networks as a form of consciousness raising. Says June Vereeke-Hutt, founder and head of the Women's Career Network Association in Cleveland: "We're taught at home to fight for the man, and unfortunately we've taken that philosophy into the marketplace."

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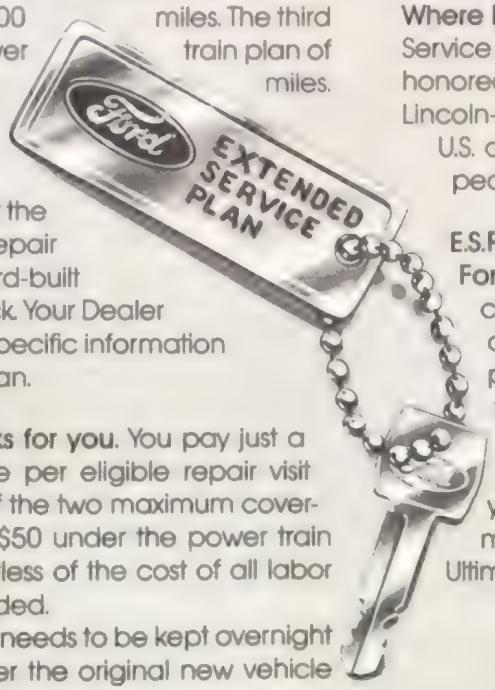

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Ask for Ford Motor Company's Extended Service Plan by name.

Accidents or Police Brutality?

In two cities, patrolmen are accused in the deaths of blacks

Ron Settles, 21, of Carson, Calif., was called Bull by his friends. He was a 200-lb. senior running back for the Cal State Long Beach 49ers, good enough to be scouted by the Dallas Cowboys. Ernest Lacy, 22, of Milwaukee, was a very different sort: a skinny unemployed man with a history of mental disorders who sang in a church choir and was sometimes scared of his family's two dogs.

But there were similarities too. Both were black. Both were involved in incidents last summer in which they were forcibly arrested by white patrolmen. And both died in custody under questionable circumstances. Outraged, the black communities in Long Beach and Milwaukee

Professional football prospect Ron Settles

Two hours later, found hanging in his cell.

marched and demonstrated to protest what they charged were examples of police brutality. Last week authorities in both cities seemed to agree. The Los Angeles County district attorney's office said it was ready to seek indictments of several policemen in the Settles case; and in Milwaukee, a coroner's jury studying the involvement of five patrolmen in Lacy's death urged that all five be prosecuted.

Settles was cruising to work in his Triumph TR 7 on the morning of June 2 when he was stopped for speeding in Signal Hill (pop. 5,600), a city surrounded by Long Beach. According to Officer Jerry Lee Brown, Settles refused to cooperate. Two other policemen helped bring him to the Signal Hill lockup, where he was booked for resisting arrest, assaulting a police officer and possession of cocaine. Two hours later, Settles was found dead in his cell, hanging by a mattress cover.

Suicide, said the police. Murder, charged Settles' parents and black leaders. A rally on the Long Beach campus raised several thousand dollars to cover the Settleses' legal fees in a coroner's inquest and a $50 million suit against the police for wrongful death, negligence and violation of civil rights. When a demonstration in front of the station house was announced, the police boarded their windows and asked the county sheriff for protection.

Last month the jury at a Los Angeles County coroner's inquest ruled that Settles had died "at the hands of another, other than by accident." The key issues concerned the nature of Settles' injuries and whether he was killed by the mattress cover found around his neck. Officer Brown and five colleagues invoked their Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination and refused to testify. The family's attorneys relied heavily on Bernard Bradley, 24, the only other prisoner at the jail when Settles arrived. Bradley testified that he had heard Settles moaning and screaming as three officers beat him. Bradley also said he had seen no mattress cover in Settles' cell, a claim backed up more recently by two other men who had been in the same cell earlier that day. Nor, said Bradley, had Settles sounded suicidal; rather, he talked about his eagerness to telephone his parents for bail money.

Two examiners from the coroner's office testified that Settles' injuries were consistent with hanging. They were supported by a videotaped re-enactment of the hanging, using a mannequin. But one of them, Dr. Ronald Kornblum, acknowledged that a choke hold can cause death by asphyxiation and leave the same internal and external signs that appear in a hanging death.

After the jury's decision, the county board of supervisors demanded a thorough investigation of the 28-member Signal Hill force, which is the target of at least three other brutality inquiries. The prosecution, heavily dependent on the testimony of one or two of the implicated officers who may turn state's evidence in exchange for immunity, will probably reach a grand jury by the end of the month.

In the Milwaukee case, Ernest Lacy was helping his cousin paint an apartment on July 9 when he took a break and headed for a nearby market to get a snack. As he walked along Wisconsin Avenue, Lacy encountered three Milwaukee patrolmen, burly members of the department's tactical squad who were looking for a suspect in a rape that had just occurred in the neighborhood. They tried to subdue Lacy, whose mental disorders had included acute schizophrenia. According to some witnesses, Lacy was pinned to the street; one patrolman reportedly placed his knee against Lacy's neck, handcuffed the young man's arms behind his back and raised them high above his head. Later, in the paddy wagon, another arrested man noticed that Lacy had stopped breathing. Police eventually charged someone else with the rape.

The coroner's jury of three blacks and three whites spent a month listening to 100 witnesses. The cause of death, the jurors concluded, was an interruption of the oxygen flow to Lacy's brain due to pressure applied to his chest and to a nerve in his neck. Their ruling last week was the most severe one allowed. It recommended that the three men who arrested Lacy be prosecuted for "homicide by reckless conduct," and that one of them, plus two officers who were in the paddy wagon, be tried for "misconduct in public office and

Former mental patient Ernest Lacy

In the paddy wagon, he was not breathing.

failure to aid a prisoner in their custody."

Chief of Police Harold Breier, 70, who holds a life appointment, called the jury's report "a terrible miscarriage of justice" and warned that it would damage morale on the force. The autocratic Breier, likened by his detractors to J. Edgar Hoover, was bold enough to wade into an angry downtown demonstration last August by citizens protesting Lacy's death. Spotting the chief, the crowd chanted: "Fire Breier. He's a liar."

Breier's confrontational tactics cause some authorities to wince. In Milwaukee, as in Los Angeles County, community leaders have not forgotten that the acquittal of four patrolmen accused of the fatal beating of a black businessman was the spark that ignited the murderous Miami riot of May 1980. —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Hollis Evans/Los Angeles and J. Madeleine Nash/Milwaukee*

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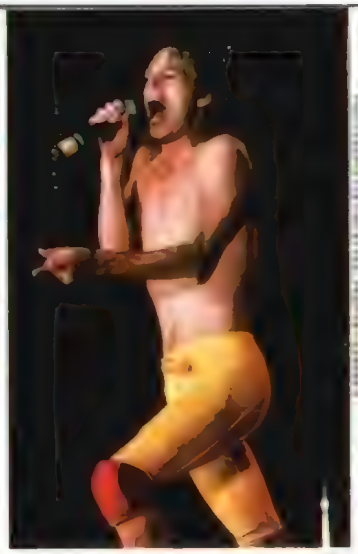
MAKE IT JAMAICA AGAIN.



Eat 'em up alive, Mick! Mr. Jagger, the original Jumpin' Jack Flash, prances through his concert paces and wraps himself in patriotic glory

Show Business

Roll Away the Stones

Four solid reasons to pass up the rock tour of the year

The Rolling Stones have taken the field for the first time since 1978, and if careful attention is paid to the hoopla, the gate, the crowd and the ticket sales, anyone would believe they were the only game in town.

This three-month tour is about equal parts musical revue, social occasion and sporting event. The Stones are playing vast arenas almost exclusively, the kind of concrete coliseums built to carry the cheers and groans of assorted jockathons up into the air; acoustics were hardly a consideration. This may not matter, anyhow. Crowds in the hundreds of thousands are turning out to hear the boys run some numbers and watch Mick Jagger strut his stuff. The Stones audience is paying for, and getting off on, the same thing any football fan does: the chance to watch the home team beat the odds. In this particular contest, the Stones are squared off against heavy, probably insurmountable, opponents such as age and apathy, and the fans who are turning out in such record numbers are, in a sense, joining in a celebratory defiance of the inevitable. No wonder, then, that the Stones crowd looks like some woolly amalgam of *American Bandstand*, Altamont, an Armani fashion show and the reopening of Studio 54. Stars! Lights! Celebrities! And rock 'n' roll! After a fashion.

The faithful gather in L.A., and the Stones play on

For anyone interested in resisting the social pressure of showing up when the Stones pass through town, the following reasons are offered as a public service:

Time Waits for No One. When he was younger, and could afford to talk tougher and figured too that he was likely going to wind up a movie star or some kind of landed grandee, Mick Jagger allowed that he would not be caught dead singing *Satisfaction* at the age of (pick one): 30, 35, 40. "I think I said 32," Jagger said recently. "But I've always said, 'I'll never do this again.' I never meant it. I just said it." For some time, it has been an open question whether Jagger, now 38, means anything at all, especially what he sings.

He is in strong, wild form in concert, but no one has ever disputed his status as rock's shrewdest showman. On *Tattoo You*, the Stones' new No. 1 album, Jagger's voice has the rough resilience of a scouring pad, and Keith Richards keeps on playing what is, in al

senses, the meanest guitar around. The new record sounds like their best in years—many years—but a little attention to the lyrics shows that the Stones are still stuck in the same territory without a passport. The album is supposed to be a return to their strong, singed-around-the-edges blues base, but Jagger and Richards, as songwriters, have pioneered a new form. They have made over the blues into the lassies. Tunes like *Start Me Up*, *Slave*, *Little T & A* and *Black Limousine* are full of lassitude, of a kind of weary passivity and sated cynicism.

It's Only Rock 'n' Roll, But Do They Like It? The kind of half-baked, burnt-out worldliness the Stones are stashing inside their songs dices up a large section of what is best and strongest in the rock spirit: the self-renewing energy, the evocation and

Keith Richards and his mean guitar

In the same territory, without a passport.

defiance of the darkness at the edge of town. The first side of *Tattoo You* is great dance music, close to the best old Stones tradition, but, unlike their best vintage stuff, it will let you down after a close listen. The second side, which is well-crafted make-out music, sounds collectively like a white silk scarf sliding on a waxed dance floor, a below-the-belt fugue for the disco generation. The exception to all this is *Waiting on a Friend*, the album's last song and its best. With a graceful Jagger vocal, an almost easeful melody and a couple of gorgeous riffs by Jazz Saxophonist Sonny Rollins, *Waiting on a Friend* is a valedictory to the naughty-boy ennui that infects the record. If it is not a solid promise for better things to come, that one song is at least a reminder of how great the Stones still can be.

Far Away Eyes. Or, what can you see from the grandstand, what can you hear in the upper tiers? There are ways of staging a rock event so that both music and the audience are served well, but setting up concerts as if they were a floating World Series is not one of them.

The Stones are also appearing, like the Dukes of Hazzard, with a sponsor. Unlike the Dukes, they are not interrupted by commercials, but the group management has struck a deal with Jovan Inc. for what the fragrance company calls "a multimillion-dollar involvement." In return for the bucks, Jovan—manufacturer of such odoriferous items as Andron and Sex Appeal—gets to have its name stamped on concert tickets. Although the Stones are not endorsing any Jovan products, a company executive says, "We think their fans and our fragrance users are the same people."

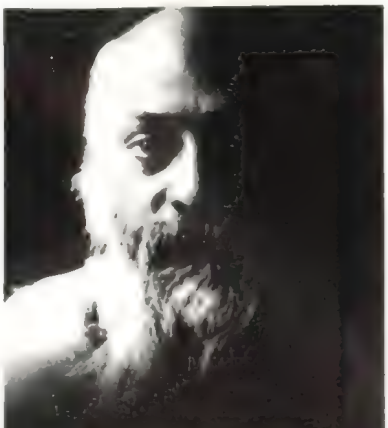
The scent around a Stones concert used to be more like sulfur. Even though this tour may be Big Business, it is ultimately about something more than just "multimillion-dollar involvements"—more, even, than the music. The Rolling Stones have partly staged, and partly stumbled into, a willed act of reaffirmation.

Can't Get No Satisfaction. Elvis expired of excess; Lennon was a victim of envy and celebrity. There is a great dead center in the rock culture, not so much a void as a vacuum, and it is a fearful thing to the generations who invested so much in the music. Streamlined, efficient, mechanical, the Rolling Stones are like a five-man Electrolux, sucking everyone into a massive contained space that makes no heavy demands on the past, the future or themselves.

There are better bands around certainly, even stronger survivors—like the Who—but none have ever been so emboldened by their own myth and the commercial potential of their own legend. Yes, the tour will have pulled in between $30 million and $40 million when it winds up. And it is difficult to argue with Concert Promoter Jim Rissmiller, who brought the Stones to the Coliseum last week, when he says, "It is no secret that rock concerts and records aren't doing very well. The Stones tour is good for the rock business. There is no other group like them." More than anything, the Rolling Stones, 1981, are about continuity and loss.

For the teen-agers who come to the concerts—and at some shows they make up the majority of the audience—this tour is a way to ease into the slipstream of a myth, to check it out firsthand. For their elders, who were teen-agers when the Stones first sang *Play with Fire* and *Satisfaction* and *Jumpin' Jack Flash* back in the high '60s, it is a way—for some, now, the only way—to rejustify and perpetuate the myth. The Rolling Stones are living out, maybe stringing out, the legend, coasting, even capitalizing on it. But the foundation of the myth is the music, and the Stones cannot make the old songs quite new again. They have lost the heart for it. The new songs have no heart at all. They are sounds from the emptiness that these vast crowds have come to chase away.

—*By Jay Cocks*



acceptance

My whole message is:
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that you are
because God accepts it,
God respects it,
and you
have not respected
your being yet.
It is very rare
to find a person
who respects himself.
Why is it so rare?
—because
you have been
taught to imitate.
From the very childhood
you have
always been taught
to be somebody else.
Nobody has told you:
be yourself,
and be respectful
to your being—
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that's what I say to you.
Never imitate.
Be yourself—
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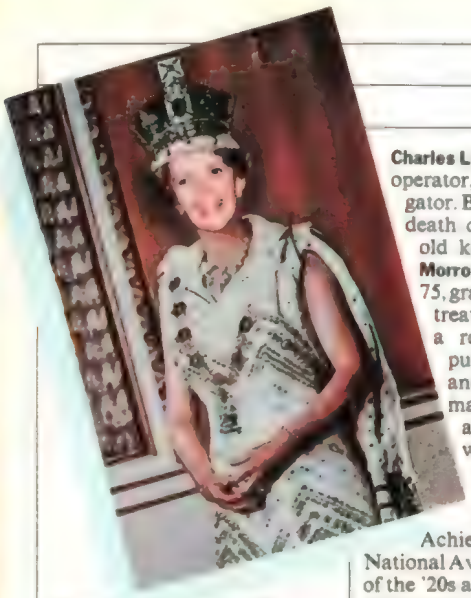
Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Std. V6 EPA Est. mpg and Diesel V8 Hwy. Est. lower in California. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details. *AM-FM stereo radio may be deleted for credit.

DIESEL V8

33 Hwy Est. | 22 EPA Est. mp

People

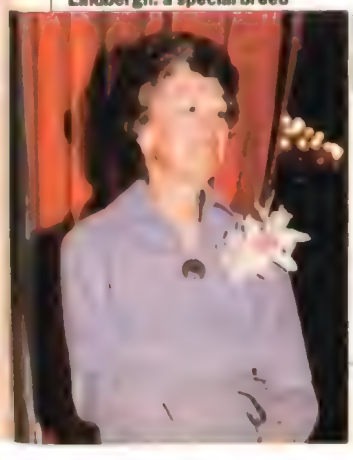


Nancy: queen of postcards

It may be the estimated $25,000 Inauguration wardrobe, the $200,000 worth of new china or the $800,000 in White House renovations. Whatever the reason, a tricked-up postcard of First Lady **Nancy Reagan,** 60, as "Queen Nancy" has become one of the bestselling gift shop items in Washington. The composite photo was pieced together by Photographer **Alfred Gescheidt,** who took a stock shot of the First Lady and then superimposed a crown and robe. Nancy seems to be taking it all with some good humor. "I really haven't changed my personal habits that much," says she of her recent personal purchases. "I am just being myself. Whatever I spend is our own money which we have earned." Frets Gescheidt: "I just hope I don't get on any enemies list. I'm a registered Republican."

■

In the harrowing days of early flight, she flew with her husband, famed Aviator **Charles Lindbergh,** as a radio operator, co-pilot and navigator. But in 1932, after the death of their 20-month-old kidnaped son, **Anne Morrow Lindbergh,** now 75, gradually began to retreat from public life to a reclusive existence, publishing her diaries and letters. Last week, making a rare public appearance, the widow of "Lucky Lindy" traveled to Washington to accept the Award for Achievement from the National Aviation Club. "Pilots of the '20s and '30s were a special breed," she recalled. "They wanted to expand life's possibilities to the limits, and their dreams and aspirations, to a large extent, have come true. As my husband said 25 years ago, 'We live today with the dreams of yesterday.' "



Lindbergh: a special breed

■

"I am the champion arm wrestler. Who will challenge me?" roared British Actor **Oliver Reed** *(Women in Love)* as he swaggered into a rustic, 160-year-old drinking and dining establishment in Stowe, Vt. A customer jokingly volunteered, but before the two men could lock forearms, Reed, 43, turned the contest into a genuine barroom donnybrook, with the brawlers flipping furniture and smashing beer bottles. Handcuffed and manacled, the actor was arrested on charges of simple assault and disorderly conduct. He spent the night at Lamoille County's Hyde Park jail, then had to come up with $4,000 bail. Reed was commanded by the court to keep out of bars for a while, but the judge later modified the ruling, provided that the actor's drinking did not "diminish his proper lawful behavior."

Reed in a regrettable picture

■

The pastoral pleasures of rural Charlottesville, where they met as students at the University of Virginia law school three years ago, seemed to agree with **Bobby Kennedy Jr.,** 27, and **Emily Ruth Black,** 24. And eventually Bobby and Emily began to agree with each other. Last week the couple announced that they would be wed on March 6. Young Bobby is the son of **Ethel** and the late **Robert Kennedy,** and the nephew of President **John Kennedy.** Emily is the blossomy, corn-fed daughter of a Bloomington, Ind., lumberman. Said Bobby: "My father won Indiana in 1968, and her mother is a Democrat who voted for him. I checked that fact out before I popped the question."

SUSAN RINELL WEINER

Kennedy and Black in Virginia horse country after the announcement

■

The two-hour evening concert by the Israel Philharmonic at Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium was drawing to a close when Guest Conductor **Zubin Mehta,** 45, unexpectedly turned to the microphone. "Tonight," said he, "we plan to play Wagner." With those words, Mehta ended an unofficial 33-year ban in Israel on the playing of music by German Composer Richard Wagner, a noted anti-Semite enshrined by the Nazis. Continued Mehta: "I understand the emotions of those who have gone through concentration camps. Anyone who does not want to hear can leave the hall." Two orchestra members and a number from the audience did so. As Mehta launched into the prelude to *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Liebestod*, dissident shouting and scuffling broke out. "Hitler go home!" shouted one anti-Wagnerian. Said Mehta: "We have spoken about this a great deal and we waited for a suitable atmosphere."

—By E. Graydon Carter

The Ohio Gang, 1964: irresistibly nasty dramatic mélanges

If Not, Not, 1975-76: webs of allusion that never get too literal

Art

Edgy Footnotes to an Era

At the Hirshhorn Museum, a powerful retrospective of R.B. Kitaj

With his retrospective of 102 paintings and drawings at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, the American Artist R.B. Kitaj, expatriate in England, has come home in force. For the past 15 years, Kitaj has been one of the most visible figures in European painting. His images, edgy and literary, full of sexual belligerence and failed political hopes, powerfully convey what the poet John Ashbery (in one of the catalogue essays for the show) calls "an era's bad breath." If Kitaj is not, in fact, the Auden of modern painting, he is quite often discussed as though he were, especially by English critics. Of late, he has also emerged (along with David Hockney and Avigdor Arikha) as one of the few real masters of the art of straight figure drawing in Europe or, for that matter, in the world.

The Kitaj show (which will go to his native Cleveland in December, and to Düsseldorf in February 1982) begins, as it were, on Weimar modernism, on the strains, dislocations and terrible urgencies of a time that Kitaj, 48, is too young to have experienced directly—Europe in the '20s and '30s. Gangsters and politicians, clowns and whores, drifting intellectuals and their pale café groupies, the doomed, the uprooted, the crushed, the demented—such is the cast of characters. They are imagined and mixed by a mind saturated not only in literature but in fantasies about reading, straying and witnessing. Kitaj's works from the '60s, like *The Ohio Gang*, set forth dramatic mélanges, Bertolt Brecht plus Constructivism plus Al Capone—irresistibly nasty stuff. *Neue Sachlichkeit* run through a fragmented lens. The words "history painter" suggest an august mummification of fact—Wolfe nobly expiring at Quebec, Washington becoming his own statue in the boat on the Delaware. If Kitaj can be called a painter of modern history, he is not of that sort. Rather, he has a close instinct for the disconnected emblems of a moment—the faces glimpsed in smeared newsprint, the sense of not having the whole story that comes from living at no remove from traumatic events.

Some critics have found Kitaj's wide allusions both obscure and pretentious. So they can be, but not very often. A peculiar case in point is *After Rodin*, one of the recent pastel drawings of a nude woman sprawled on her back, rosy, firm and decapitated. To what does this repugnant, though not very gory, piece of sadism owe its title? On the face of it, to Rodin's fondness for making fragmentary figures, headless torsos, isolated arms or legs. But then one is reminded that this, in Rodin's own day, was ceaselessly guyed by satirists as literal mutilation: so much so that during the Turkish atrocities in Armenia, one French cartoonist drew some observers in front of a hut festooned with severed limbs, exclaiming, "What fine models for Rodin!" Presumably this lopsided equation of the fictive violence of art with the real violence of history is meant to hover, in quotes, above Kitaj's nude; but it seems very contrived.

The images that work best are the ones where Kitaj spins a web of congruent allusion without ever getting too literal, where the art-history and real-history footnotes balance and bear one another out. A remarkable one is *If Not, Not*, 1975-76, his meditation on T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. One could hardly call it an illustration of the poem, although Eliot seems to make an appearance as the clerkish figure with spectacles and hearing aid in the lower left corner, an irritable St. Anthony tempted by a naked girl to whom he has clearly not been introduced. *The Waste Land's* familiar cast of characters—Phlebas the Phoenician, Mr. Eugenides, the Fisher King and the rest—do not appear. Instead, there is an Eliotian tone of dissociation, alienation and decay; and it is grafted onto an ambitious composition not unlike the burning phantasmagorias of Bruegel, filled with emblems of evil. Eliot (if it is he) functions, in the picture, like the figure of "Mad Meg" in Bruegel's *Dulle Griet*, striding through the landscape and inventing it as she goes. The building on the distant hill, with its gaping mouth, recalls the hell mouths in Bruegel (it is actually copied from the guardhouse gate at Auschwitz). The figures, lying dead or crawling about in unidentifiable uniforms, reek of anonymity.

Against that, there is the dry and exact pleasure with which Kitaj's paint covers the surface; its luminosity, even its

neatness. He is no expressionist—in fact, no one could be further from the mediocre, revivalist splurging that passes for neoexpressionism in Germany and New York these days. Kitaj is very aware of himself, but that awareness (or wariness) presses him toward a detached kind of discourse, a way of painting grounded in tradition. "There are some people who don't like museums because they think of them as tombs, or something negative," he remarked in an interview recently. "I've always loved them. They are to me lighthouses of utopianism and social well-being." Why utopianism? Because the museum does nothing if it does not strive toward some ideal of visual literacy. Its mission begins from the unquestioned belief that learning to see is as important as learning to read, and that seeing is not the property of one class.

This literacy—a sense of the thickness of art's layer over an insufficiently interpreted world, a knowledge of what alternative images it contains—is part of Kitaj's essential subject matter. It explains his passion for homage, his contempt for theories of progress in art and his dislike of spontaneity. It would be hard to find anyone intelligent today who believes art still moves from lower states to higher, but ten years ago, Kitaj was much scorned in some circles for not believing it and saying he did not. "In the terms of my own life and its present needs, the *Mona Lisa* is more profound, more 'real,' more timely, less dated . . . than almost any picture I can think of since Cézanne put his brushes down in 1906." That is Kitaj practicing with the crust (if not the mantle) of his curmudgeonly hero, Degas.

Such utterances are less interesting than the *oeuvre* they garnish. Kitaj's recent drawings, particularly his pastels, are of marvelous density. The firm boundary line, probing and circumscribing, pays its respects to Degas, as does the broken, emphatic texture of the pastel, sometimes built up to a thick coat of peacock-hued dust. There is nothing theoretical about these drawings, no "as if"—such as one might expect from an artist turning, at mid-career, away from modernist fragmentation. Solid, chunky, driven, greedy: these adjectives apply to Kitaj's appropriation of the world—particularly the bodies of women—with line. Sometimes his egotism goes out of control or his taste fails him, or both, as in an absurdly paranoid self-portrait that looks like Jack Nicholson fried on acid. But when confronted with the posed model, in *The Waitress* or his various nude studies, Kitaj draws better than almost anyone else alive, taking on all the expressive and factual responsibilities of depiction and carrying most of them through.

For that, one can gladly put up with the obscurities of his political work. It is Kitaj's drawing that convinces one of the integrity of his search. Perhaps it is not given to any single painter to do what he is trying to do—to construct a narrative, ironic and didactic art that can stand clear of stories, jokes and propaganda. But one must respect the man for trying. —*By Robert Hughes*

Science

Clouds over the Cosmos

Budgetary cuts could destroy U.S. planetary program

A luminous pink sunset on the planet Mars. The unexpected eruption of volcanoes on the tiny Jovian moon Io. Swirling storms on Jupiter. A continent-size landmass hidden under the thick, sulfurous clouds of Venus. The astonishingly beautiful and complex rings of Saturn.

These are only some of the spellbinding vistas opened up by the U.S. program of planetary exploration. In the past two decades, technologically gifted robots, acting as electronic eyes and ears, have flown by and inspected every planet known to the ancients, from sunbaked Mercury, the innermost planet, to distant Jupiter and Saturn.

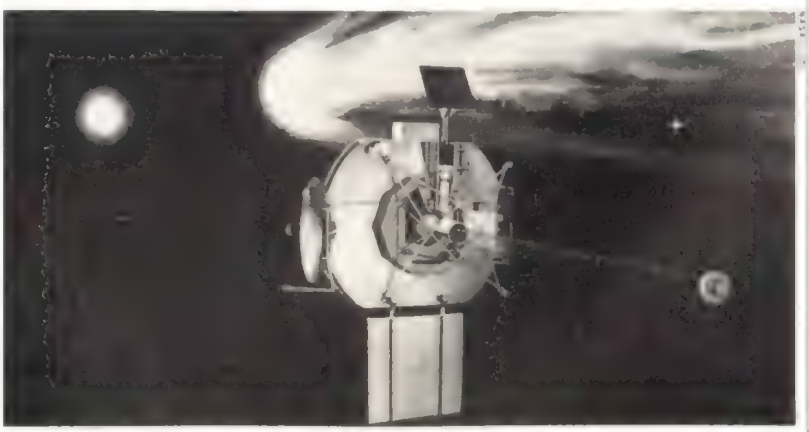
Now, threatened by the Reagan Administration's budget cutters, this scientific assault on the cosmos may come to a halt. At a meeting in Pittsburgh last week, astronomers warned that the cuts will mean "extinction" for the planetary program. These words were echoed by Bruce Murray, director of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, who asked: "Are we so obsessed with our present difficulties that we would give up investing in our future?"

Though the space agency's budget has already been reduced by 7.5% for fiscal 1982, the White House now is asking for another $367 million in cutbacks, melting down the total budget to $5.7 billion. To make matters worse, the Administration is talking of slashing an additional $1 billion in each of the next two fiscal years. At the same time, it is forbidding any major cuts in the $2.2 billion-a-year space shuttle program. That leaves NASA with one option: more cuts in space science.

The space agency has already canceled its half of a collaborative effort with the Western Europeans called the International Solar Polar Mission (ISPM). Two unmanned spacecraft were to be sent in great, looping orbits over the unexplored poles of the sun. Last week J.P.L. officials gloomily conceded that they had finally given up hope of launching a once-in-a-lifetime mission to intercept Halley's comet. This primordial chunk of matter, which returns to the sun's vicinity in early 1986 after an absence of 76 years, could provide invaluable clues to understanding our solar system's origins. Now it will be examined only by less sophisticated European, Soviet and Japanese probes.

More drastic still is the imminent dismantling of Project Galileo, a $500 million enterprise that would place an unmanned spacecraft in orbit around Jupiter and drop a probe directly into the giant planet's atmosphere. More than $200 million has already been spent, including several million dollars by the West Germans. Also seriously threatened: VOIR (for Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar), a scheme to place a radar-equipped robot in orbit around Venus and map its cloud-covered surface. NASA officials are even talking about mothballing the Deep Space Network, a globe-girdling array of antennas that acts as a vital communications "downlink" with all U.S. unmanned planetary spacecraft. One effect of such a move would be to silence the transmissions of the Voyager 2 spacecraft, which is scheduled to pass by Uranus in 1986.

Some space scientists hope that the Reagan Administration or Congress will be persuaded to reconsider. But Murray is taking no chances. In a message to J.P.L.'s 4,000 worried employees last week, he announced he would seek other contracts—mainly military and energy—to keep the world-famed facility in business. ■



Proposed U.S. spacecraft as it would look approaching Halley's comet

Spellbinding vistas from some remarkable electronic eyes and ears

Being No. 1 Is No Longer Fun

College football's powers try a new training diet: humble pie

That old college cry "We're No. 1!" this year has brought a host of new replies: "Who isn't?" Or "Who wasn't?" Or "Who will be next week?"

Who knows why? The coaches say they do. The reason for the impression that there is no one great college football team any more is that there is no one great college football team any more. "Which comes as no surprise," says Fred Akers, coach of the University of Texas. "We've been expecting it for six years, since the 30-scholarships-per-year rule took effect. The motivation was to save money in a time when inflation makes everything expensive. But the effect has been an imposed mediocrity nationwide. Competition has been leveled. The word upset has been removed from football terminology."

If Akers sounds a bit upset, consider the position he found himself in: his Longhorns were No. 1, University of Michigan and Coach Bo Schembechler began the season six weeks ago a solid No. 1 in the eyes of many and the polls of the Associated Press and United Press International. The Wolverines promptly dropped their opener to Wisconsin, 21-14. "There's a simple explanation for all the upsets this year," Schembechler says. "There just is no longer any dominant team in college football." Isn't that good? "I liked it better back when I did the dominating," says Bo.

Notre Dame's Koegel comforts Coach Faust

With Michigan's quick fall, Notre Dame became No. 1, and Gerry Faust became the new Knute Rockne. The rookie Irish coach and instant legend was already the new Frank Leahy. In one easy game with L.S.U., he had gone from the high school leagues of Cincinnati to the top of college football. The second week, he had to go to Michigan. Three losses later, he is now the new Terry Brennan, who held the job for five years in the '50s without joining the ranks of the holy ghosts.

Next came the University of Southern California, often No. 1 through the years, blessed to have had the company of many great tailbacks and to be in the vicinity of many junior colleges, which act as a feeder system for the gristle mills. The last college football team to remain No. 1 all through the season was U.S.C. in 1972.

As long as Senior Tailback Marcus Allen got his 200 yds., nobody figured to beat the Trojans. Arizona figured otherwise. Even allowing 211 yds. for Allen, Arizona Coach Larry Smith could measure the difference in the top 50 or 60 college football teams by holding two fingers apart barely an inch. "I told the kids all week that there's just that much difference between the No. 1 team and, say, the 56th team," he said after the 13-10 upset.

U.S.C.'s quick rise and fall brought the Longhorns to the top. Yet, contends Texas' Akers, "there is not a football team in the country with what I call in-depth strength. That's why injuries are such a threat and make a critical difference." Imagining Texas, U.S.C. or Alabama running out of players is a little difficult, but the fact is that against Arizona, the Trojans had used up so many offensive tackles that a tight end had to be put on alert.

Recruiting has become a crapshoot. No longer can the powers gobble up every good player that they can find, giving themselves endless depth and keeping talented players away from opponents. Gone is the spectacle of 180 or more troops dressing for a home game.

Bear Bryant, whose timetable for matching Amos Alonzo Stagg's record 314 victories keeps getting moved back as Alabama loses to the likes of Georgia Tech or ties Southern Mississippi, laments that there are "too many football players at too many colleges." He means good ones. "It's the effect of the 30-scholarships rule making itself felt," sighs the Bear.

John Robinson of Southern Cal agrees "there aren't any invincible teams," and, in fact, considers this U.S.C. team "in some areas the weakest" he has coached. Fellow Pac 10 Coaches Terry Donahue (U.C.L.A.) and Jim Walden (Washington State) are somewhat lighthearted about it all. "A week before we play Wisconsin, they pound Michigan," Donahue says, "then we go out there and pound them, then we come back, and Iowa pounds us."

Wisconsin Tailback Chucky Davis leaves the Michigan defense behind

Marcus Allen's 211 yds. against Arizona were not enough

A simple explanation for the upsets. Says Michigan's Bo Schembechler, "There just is no longer any dominant team in college football."

That is the meter of college football this year: Iowa State ties Oklahoma one week and is blown out by San Diego State the next. "It's a joke," Donahue says. "You gotta hang in there and hope you can win enough games to stay employed." Says Washington State's Walden: "It used to be that a certain group of people in certain areas could control the market. Now, I don't care if they've got $3 million to recruit with. A school can only hand out 30 scholarships a year [to a team maximum of 90 in the Pac 10 and 95 throughout the NCAA]. They can't buy but 30 cars. And when they're through, they have to let the Wisconsins, the Washington States, the S.M.U.s have a crack at the top athletes." Maybe not the blue chips, but the browns, reds and yellows, the ones, Walden says, "teams are really made of."

Washington State may even have a crack at the Rose Bowl. Where, in keeping with this unlikely year, Iowa or Wisconsin should be waiting. Nearly two decades between victories over either Michigan or Ohio State, Wisconsin already has trimmed both teams this season. Because either Michigan or Ohio State has won the conference title every year since 1968, the Big 10 was long dubbed the "Big 2, Little 8"; the joke is even funnier when you think of the Big 2 as Iowa and Wisconsin.

A dispassionate spectator of all this, former Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes, says, "I've seen that Wisconsin team, and I honestly don't think they have that many great players. They're just so doggone well coached [by Three-Year Man Dave McClain]. That was always important, but now it's almost everything."

The commissioner of the Big 10 is pleased with the way the year is going. Says Wayne Duke: "I think one of the biggest problems we've had in all of college football over the years has been domination by a select few of the polls, bowls and television. I think we're seeing a solution to that in the limitation of athletic grants. It was designed to achieve some equality, some sanity and some economy."

Even Schembechler begins to detect some virtue in balance, admitting: "When we went into games such prohibitive favorites, it didn't make any difference what we did. I didn't enjoy playing a game like that because if we won it, what the hell, we were supposed to win anyway. Now we know any game we go into we can get beat and . . . honestly, winning is a lot more meaningful to us."

"It's not good for the coaches; it drives them nuts," says Faust, not so slow to learn as all that. "It's not good for the alumni; they get upset. But it's good for the game." Last Saturday must have been very good for the game. Wisconsin was upset by Michigan State. Michigan lost to Iowa for the first time since 1958. No. 1 Texas? Arkansas 42, Longhorns 11. —*By Tom Callahan. Reported by Steven Holmes/Chicago and Jeff Melvoin/Los Angeles*

A Slugfest, On and Off the Field

Ever battling, the Yankees oblige their "win-or-else" boss

Graig Nettles delivered the New York Yankees to the World Series in a suitably Yankee way. When he was through batting out the Oakland A's in three straight play-off games for the American League pennant, the third baseman scuffled with Teammate Reggie Jackson for good measure.

Though New York Owner George Steinbrenner and Oakland Manager Billy Martin flapped at the umpires and each other every now and then, that was nothing compared with the flapping in the wives' section of Yankee Stadium. There Ginger Nettles and the seasoned wives' corps whipped bedsheet banners around in a whirlwind. PLAN A ALL THE WAY, read one, referring to the first of the Steinbrenner A, B, C "scenarios." Under Plan A, most of the team would return next year; under Plans B and C, varying numbers of players would be jettisoned to make way for new talent. To make a strong case for Plan A, a direct outgrowth of Steinbrenner's "win-or-else" philosophy, the Yankees merely have to take the World Series.

Nettles, 37, who knocked in three runs each game and was named Most Valuable Player in the play-offs, thoroughly upstaged any possible Billy-Reggie-George melodrama. Graig is not much for the sort of public theater these three seemed to enjoy when all were together in New York City. Nevertheless, Nettles found himself center stage at the team's victory party in Oakland. Angry that several guests of Jackson's had been rude to his family, Nettles confronted his teammate, and the two got into a spirited shoving match. "It's nothing new for this team," Nettles said. "I hope it's forgotten."

Nettles felt frisky on the field too. "So many players play into their late 30s and 40s," he said. "I don't see why 37 is too old. People are better athletes than they used to be because of better nutrition and better training. People have to get the age thing out of their minds. Some are old at 28, and some are young at 40."

"Look at Pete Rose," suggested Lou Piniella, 38. "Pete led the National League in hits this year at 40." Actually, it was enough just to look at Piniella. When Jackson left the second game after the second inning with a strained calf muscle, Piniella replaced him in the outfield for a time and batted well in the clutch. Lou undercut a three-run homer in a seven-run fourth inning that pretty much put an end to all the talk about Billyball.

It is Piniella's theory that ballplayers reach a mental "danger point around 35 or 36," and if they get through it, provided they have taken reasonable care of their bodies, they can go on for ages. "It's just something regular that happens when you reach a certain age," agreed Bobby Murcer, 35, a self-mocking sort whose clubhouse chair is a rocking chair. "They put you on the back burner." The Yankees' new slogan: "Veterans Power." ■

Graig Nettles' RBI tear begins with a bases-loaded double in the first game

"I don't see why 37 is too old. Some are old at 28, and some are young at 40."

Music

Getting to Know Rossini

Opera's great comic composer had a serious side

The popular impression of Rossini as a composer of comic operas has not changed much since Beethoven. "Give us more *Barbers*," the mighty German is supposed to have advised the young Italian, and succeeding generations have endorsed Beethoven's opinion. The creator of *Barber of Seville, La Cenerentola* and *L'Italiana in Algeri* is usually considered a deft musical comic whose work sparkles with wit and high spirits.

There is another side to Rossini, one that his contemporaries knew well but that is now being rediscovered. This is the serious Rossini, the composer of such dramas as *Semiramide, Otello, Tancredi, Mosè, La Donna del Lago* and *Guillaume Tell*. Several of these works have returned to the repertory in recent years; in the U.S., two of them were given new productions last week. *Mosè* and *La Donna del Lago*—produced, respectively, in Philadelphia and Houston—have not been seen in this country for more than a century.

Mosè does not deserve its obscurity. Rossini treats the story of Moses and the Israelites in Egypt (with an improbable love interest between Moses' niece and the Pharaoh's son) in a serious, restrained way. He lavishes some of his most beautiful music on it, including an exquisite canonic quintet in the second act, and, more noteworthy, an extended instrumental section at the end that wordlessly depicts the parting of the Red Sea and the Pharaoh's despair. The Philadelphia production has a solid cast, though Bass Jerome Hines, looking suitably Hestonian as Moses, no longer has the weight of tone to allow him to sing the part with authority.

Whereas *Mosè* is a nearly static drama—Rossini at times referred to it as an oratorio—*La Donna del Lago* (The Lady of the Lake) is an atmospheric treatment of Sir Walter Scott's poem. It is a bucolic score, with harps and hunting horns highlighting the composer's landscape painting. *Donna*, full of infectious melodies, is closer in spirit to the great comedies.

The opera calls for two mezzos with a command of the bel-canto style. The Houston production is fortunate to have Marilyn Horne in the role of Malcolm and equally lucky to have Frederica von Stade as Elena. Both are mistresses of bel canto and equal to its cascading vocal fireworks.

What has brought operas like *Donna* back? Several things. One is the incessant search—in an age that largely ignores the operas of its own time—for new repertory. Another is the remarkable flourishing of regional companies in the U.S., which lack the resources to put on, say, Wagner's *Ring*. A third, and perhaps most important, is the presence of masterly singers like Horne, who also starred last month in a new production of *Semiramide* in San Francisco.

La Donna del Lago is Horne's seventh Rossini opera. Although she has sung such disparate roles as Carmen and Marie in Berg's *Wozzeck*, it is with Rossini that she has had her greatest triumphs. In 1964, she first came to attention in the "pants" role of Arsace in *Semiramide*. Horne has stayed at the top of her profession for 20 years by taking care of her voice. Says she: "I cannot stand to sing when I feel I'm fighting it. Whenever I hear a new record, the first thing I always listen for is: Does my voice sound fresh?" An avid baseball fan—she roots for the Yankees and carries a Yankee cap on tour—she believes that divas are like pitchers. Horne will sing only with two or three days' rest between starts and refuses even to vocalize (the musical equivalent of throwing batting practice) on off days.

Marilyn Horne in *La Donna del Lago*

Do divas resemble baseball pitchers?

At 47, she has begun to think of a life after singing, even though her voice shows no signs of serious wear. Having long been wooed by top conductors to sing Dame Quickly in Verdi's *Falstaff*, she has now agreed to perform it in San Francisco in 1985. Says she: "I decided that I would save it until I had turned 50, as a little treat for myself."

Rossini continues to figure prominently in Horne's career. In the next few seasons, there will be a new *Semiramide* in Paris, *Tancredi* in Venice, *L'Italiana* at La Scala and *The Barber* at the Met. The challenge of Rossini operas still excites Horne. "You really must project the text," she says. "And you have to sing the hell out of it."

—*By Michael Walsh*

Joanne Woodward in *Candida*

Theater

Tangled Trio

CANDIDA
by George Bernard Shaw

Some of Shaw's most engrossing plays (*Misalliance, Major Barbara* and *Man and Superman*) are coruscating geysers of thought. *Candida* is not that sort of drama. It is a marital situation comedy a bit like *A Doll's House* turned upside down. Candida (Joanne Woodward) treats her husband James Morell (Ron Parady) rather like a doll. When the poor devil is thoroughly terrified that she will leave him for the ardent young poet Marchbanks (Tait Ruppert), Candida elects to stay put, and domestic tranquillity is restored.

Morell is a pompous minister and a spellbinder in the pulpit. Marchbanks is a physical coward who baits people by ventilating their pretensions. His strength is a burning sense of vocation. Candida is an alluring marvel of self-control with wisdom flowing through every artery.

In the play's climactic scene, she is engagingly ironic: "I am up for auction What do you bid, James?" Her husband offers "my strength for your defense, my honesty for your surety" and other proprieties of a Victorian gentleman. Marchbanks answers: "My weakness! My desolation! My heart's need!" Candida chooses Morell as the weaker man.

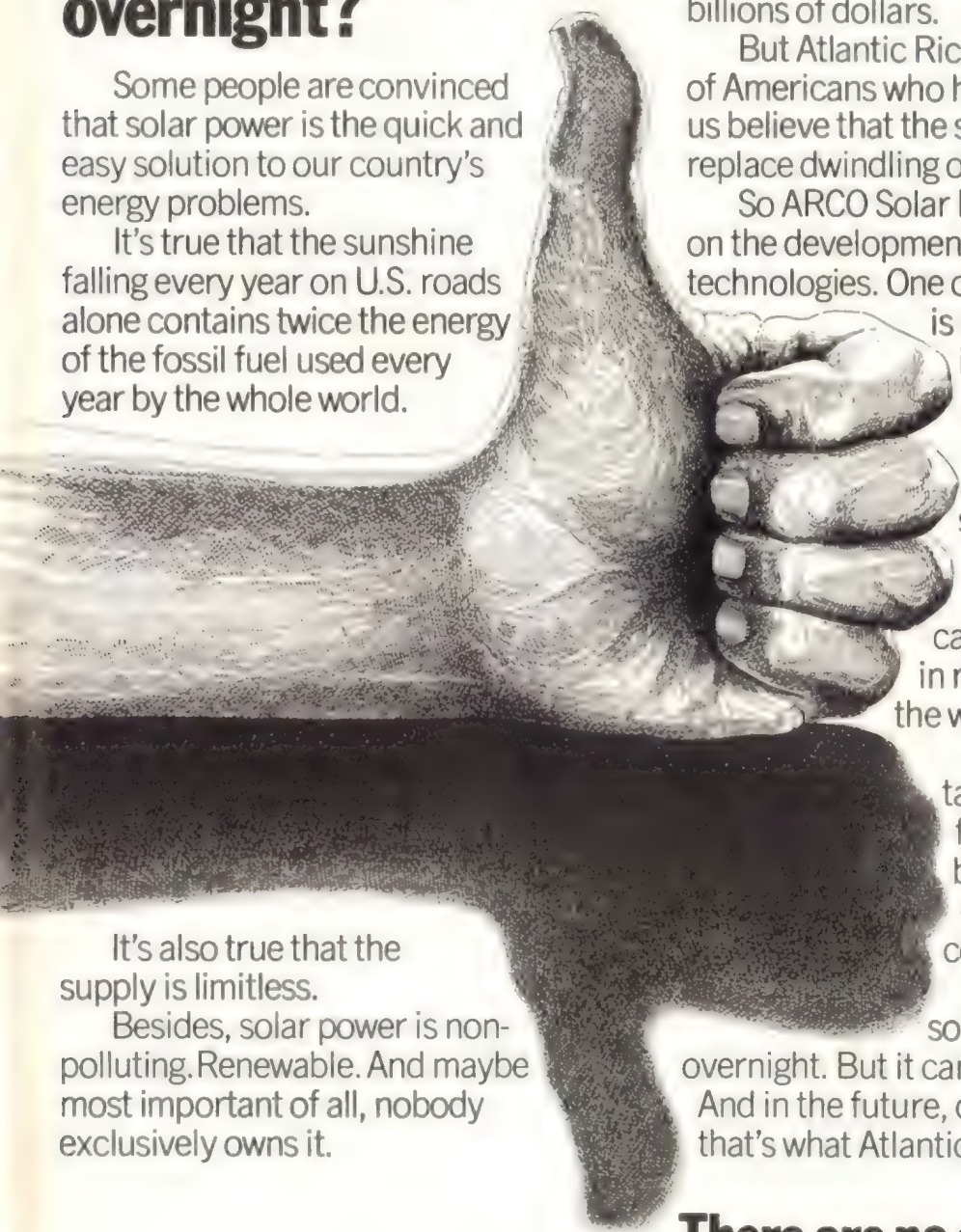
The current revival at Manhattan's Circle in the Square Theater is never more than adequate. Returning to the stage after an absence of 17 years, Joanne Woodward is gracious, kindly and attractive but a trifle too effusive and lacking in the magnetism that would drive two men to distraction Ron Parady is a bold, virile Morell, but in the third key role of Marchbanks, Tait Ruppert stifles all conviction as to either his poetic genius or the tormenting passion of his puppy love. Like the production, he is all fuse and no flame.

—*By T.E. Kalem*

The sun's power may solve our energy problems. But can it happen overnight?

Some people are convinced that solar power is the quick and easy solution to our country's energy problems.

It's true that the sunshine falling every year on U.S. roads alone contains twice the energy of the fossil fuel used every year by the whole world.



It's also true that the supply is limitless.

Besides, solar power is non-polluting. Renewable. And maybe most important of all, nobody exclusively owns it.

The problem lies in converting sunshine into usable, affordable energy to heat and light our homes and operate our appliances.

At today's rates, if we tried to convert all our oil, gas and nuclear power systems to solar, it would cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

But Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that the sun can one day replace dwindling oil and gas supplies.

So ARCO Solar Industries is working on the development of a number of solar technologies. One of the most promising is photovoltaic electricity, or power from solar "cells."

Today electricity generated from solar cells is powering homes, water pumps and communications repeater sites in remote areas all over the world.

In the not too distant future electricity from solar cells will be available at rates competitive with conventional fuel.

Solar power can't solve our problems overnight. But it can help. A little now. And in the future, quite a lot. At least that's what Atlantic Richfield believes.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

Atlantic Richfield Company

A sampling of the first week: children in Swados' musical Blake; dancers in a Tharp duet; Guinness in an Osborne play

Cable's Cultural Crapshoot

CBS's $10 million service is the latest to vie for highbrows

"CBS Cable would like to help expand your universe," said the advertising brochure, and for once chest thumping seemed in order. The occasion was last week's entry by CBS, one of the giants of network television, into the rapidly expanding cable field. In tone and focus, its new CBS-C service is a bold gamble of more than $10 million on a market that has often proved treacherous for TV: culture and fine arts. In the first seven days, viewers were almost buried under good shows, or, at the very least, good intentions. Shakespeare, Beethoven and Napoleon were among the big names; Calamity Jane, Quentin Crisp and an odd English botanist named David Bellamy were among the smaller ones. Not always successful, CBS-C's first week was nonetheless always impressive

Dick Cox

Carried by 250 cable companies around the country, including outlets in 38 of the top 50 markets, CBS-C already reaches a potential audience of more than 3 million subscribers, and CBS executives expect more cable companies to sign up in weeks to come. CBS, which likes to think of itself as the "Tiffany Network," is staking its money and its considerable prestige on market surveys indicating that millions of Americans are as interested in Bach as in baseball and are just as fascinated by that early soap opera about the House of Atreus as they are by that later one in Dallas. One statistic that particularly intrigued the network's officials: between 1976 and 1979, ticket sales for what might be called high culture—theater, dance, opera and symphony—jumped from 44 million to 55 million, an average annual gain of 8%. In almost the same period, from 1975 to 1979, attendance for adult-education courses in the humanities rose 23%

Further buttressing the CBS decision was an Arbitron study showing that light-viewing families wanted to see more drama, dance and music on TV than did families more accustomed to hovering around the set. Not surprisingly, Arbitron also discovered that those very same light viewers tend to make and spend more money than do the heavy viewers, a point that doubtless did not escape executives at Black Rock. The appeal to advertisers, the network reasoned, would prove irresistible

The advertisers are still waiting, but initial audience reaction was enthusiastic "Our viewers love it," said Robert Strock, marketing director of Theta Cable, which delivers CBS-C to 100,000 homes in the Los Angeles area. "We are already getting tons of calls. CBS's lineup for October is a knockout."

CBS-C's executives have concocted a shrewd mixture of dance, drama, music and talk, with twelve hours of programming a day, seven days a week. Nine of the twelve hours are repeats, however, and only three hours will actually be new each day About 40% of the menu is imported. Since the BBC has promised first choice of its programs , to the RCA Rockefeller Center network, which will go on the air early next year, CBS-C is leaning heavily on Britain's commercial stations and TV companies in Italy and Germany. From Britain comes a nine-part series on the love life of Napoleon Bonaparte, with Ian Holm as the Little Corporal and Billie Whitelaw as his Josephine; a drama series called *A Play for Love*, which debuted last week with a new one-acter by John Osborne, starring Alec Guinness; and the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *Macbeth*, with Ian McKellen as the Scottish insomniac

Germany's contribution is *Ludwig van Beethoven*, an eleven-hour series in which Leonard Bernstein conducts the Vienna Philharmonic in all nine symphonies and assorted lesser works. By the standards of commercial television, the American 60% is made up of generally low-budget productions: the dance troupes of Twyla Tharp and May O'Donnell, Count Basie at Carnegie Hall and Elizabeth Swados' musical reworking of poems by William Blake. The host and narrator for most of the programming is Patrick Watson, 51, a Canadian journalist, broadcaster and writer who wears a dinner jacket, affects a hearty manner and will probably be considered inoffensive by most people

CBS expects to lose money before it starts to make it. Its new service is offered free to cable companies on the condition that they do not charge their subscribers a premium for it. Revenues will come from advertising. There will be five minutes of commercials per hour, compared with 9½ minutes on prime-time commercial TV, and there will be only one sponsor for

each program. Advertisers will not be able to buy small chunks of a minute, or even 30 seconds, as they are now in the habit of doing. Commercials, moreover, are not supposed to interrupt the continuity of a show; they will come at odd times, and playwrights will no longer be required to provide a climax every 15 minutes. In the first week, that benign rule was violated frequently. Almost all the commercials were awkwardly placed, and little effort seemed to be made to preserve precious continuity. So far, only three advertisers—Kraft, Exxon and Kellogg—have committed themselves beyond the first week, and most of the commercials are tasteful house ads, promoting upcoming shows. Eventually, however, CBS expects that more advertisers will be attracted by its ritzy audience. Revenues will never match those of the big, over-the-air network; a one-minute commercial on *Dallas*, for instance, averages $320,000; on little brother, CBS-C, five minutes will cost an average $60,000.

But neither will production costs be as high. Some CBS-C programs will be made for as little as $25,000—hardly enough to buy the Cokes at the big network's Hollywood studios. "When it comes to numbers, we're in an entirely different world from the networks," says CBS Cable President Dick Cox, 52. "What it takes to be successful in our milieu is a hell of a lot less than what it takes in theirs."

Not less competitiveness, though. Enough new companies are leaping into the field that CBS-C will find out very soon just how big the audience for culture really is. The others:

▶ BRAVO, which began in December 1980, was the first culture service. Owned by Cablevision Program Enterprises, BRAVO has 100,000 customers, who are spread across the U.S. and pay between $8 and $10 a month for the commercial-free service. Unlike CBS-C, which tailors most of its own productions to the size of the small screen, usually shooting in TV studios, BRAVO favors stage performances before live audiences. Recent presentations included jazz from Carnegie Hall with Eubie Blake and Herbie Hancock, a concert by the St. Louis Symphony and a backstage look at the New York City Opera with Beverly Sills.

▶ ARTS, which is short for Alpha Repertory Television Service, was launched last April. Jointly owned by ABC and the Hearst Corp., ARTS was expected, like CBS-C, to carry commercials. So far, advertisers have been reluctant to commit their dollars, so the nightly 9-to-midnight programming goes free of charge to 5.1 million cable subscribers. The most highbrow of all the culture cables, ARTS has offered a complete performance of Handel's *Messiah*, documentaries on the lives of Tchaikovsky and Benjamin Britten, and an analysis of a painting by English Artist George Stubbs, *The Grosvenor Hunt*.

▶ The Entertainment Channel, the RCA/Rockefeller Center network, will arrive fourth, after CBS-C. When launched in early 1982, it will charge for its programming (between $8 and $10 a month) and also carry discreet institutional advertising, a combination that some viewers may nonetheless find excessive. Forty percent of its selection will come from the BBC; the rest will consist largely of children's shows, foreign films and Broadway and off-Broadway plays. The Entertainment Channel will have enough middlebrow programs, claim its executives, to make it something broader than the other cultural cables. But those services will probably be its competitors nevertheless.

▶ PBS, the last entry into the cultural crapshoot, hopes to have a pay-TV system ready sometime in 1983, at a cost of something like $13.95 a month to a potential 360,000 subscribers. PBS, which stands for Public Broadcasting System and not, as critics joke, Poor, Beleaguered and Subsidized, is trying to construct an alliance that would include its 280 member stations and such organizations as the Metropolitan Opera and the Detroit Symphony. Though nothing is definite, its programming presumably would be along the lines of its present *Great Performances* series.

Olivia De Havilland in ARTS show on Paris
From Handel to Calamity Jane.

Are there really enough culture-hungry people in the U.S. to support these operations? A number of industry observers doubt it and expect some, or all, of the new networks to suffer a certain amount of disappointment. "I don't think the cultural market is that big," frets David Crippens, manager of Los Angeles' PBS station KCET. "Our prime-time ratings have doubled in the last two years, but I still view the entry of the cultural cables as a challenge. We will have to provide programs that the audiences can't get elsewhere." Viewers, whose careers and livelihoods are not at stake, may be excused a small, smug smile as they prepare for the battle to come. They can look forward not only to something good to watch, but to a whole lot of good somethings. —***By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Peter Ainslie/New York***

Milestones

DIED. James Raymond, 64, illustrator for more than 40 years of the comic strip *Blondie*, which brings the antics of Dagwood and Blondie Bumstead to more than 1,800 newspapers in 55 countries; of cancer; in Boynton Beach, Fla. Raymond was 17 when he started working as an assistant to Chic Young, creator of *Blondie*, but not until Young died in 1973 and Raymond formed a collaboration with Young's son Dean did his name appear on the strip.

DIED. Moshe Dayan, 66, former Israeli Foreign Minister and hero of the Six-Day War in 1967; of a heart attack; in Tel Hashomer, Israel (*see* WORLD).

DIED. John W. Mecom Sr., 70, former oilfield roustabout whose success at turning abandoned wells into profitable operations, along with his initiative in developing new fields in locales from Louisiana to Saudi Arabia, once ranked him with independent Oil Tycoons J. Paul Getty and H.L. Hunt; of a heart ailment; in Houston. An unpretentious man who never had a chauffeur (but who occasionally donned a chauffeur's cap to drive his wife around in a limousine), "Big John" at times was estimated to be worth more than $200 million, but in 1970 filed two bankruptcy petitions. Out of that period of reorganization emerged a Houston-based oil firm, John W. Mecom Co., with Mecom as chairman and his son John Jr., owner of the New Orleans Saints football team, as president.

DIED. Louis W. Fairchild, 80, former chairman of Fairchild Publications (*Women's Wear Daily, W*), the firm founded by his father Edmund and uncle Louis and now headed by his son John, though it was acquired by Capital Cities Communications in 1968; in Hanover, N.H.

DIED. Brooks Hays, 83, folksy former Democratic Congressman from Arkansas whose moderate stands on racial issues, notably his attempt to mediate the 1957 integration crisis at Little Rock's Central High School, prompted a white supremacist campaign that ended his 16-year congressional career in 1958; in Chevy Chase, Md. After his defeat, Hays filled posts in the White House and State Department under Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. Of his role in trying to resolve the confrontation at Little Rock, Hays once said: "I felt like the sparrow that flew into the badminton game."

DIED. Emma Bugbee, 93, suffragist and one-time high school teacher of Greek who broke through the barriers excluding women from city rooms in the early 1900s to become a reporter for the New York *Herald*, later the New York *Herald Tribune*; in Warwick, R.I. During her 56-year career, Bugbee was especially noted for her intimate coverage of Eleanor Roosevelt, who held her own press conferences for female journalists, banned from the all-male presidential briefings of the day.

Laurels for an Obscure Wanderer

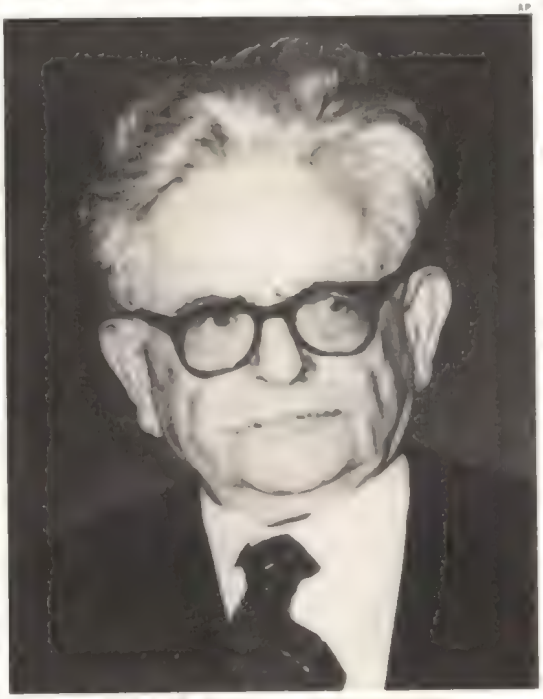
Widely praised but little known, Elias Canetti cops the Nobel

A more ideal recipient of the 1981 Nobel Prize for Literature than Elias Canetti, 76, would have to be invented. When the Bulgarian-born novelist, playwright and essayist, with his Einsteinian white mane and mustache, arrives in Stockholm on Dec. 10 to claim the $180,000 award, he will precisely fit the Swedish Academy's taste in laureates. Canetti's sensibilities, like those of last year's winner, Polish Poet Czeslaw Milosz, are survivors of Europe's prewar culture. A polylingual resident of England, who writes exclusively in a high, lapidary German, he is fashionably obscure. He was praised by Thomas Mann and a host of lesser literati as a son of Kafka and a father of Ionesco, and seven of his books are available in English translation from Continuum Publishing Co. in the U.S. But, while Canetti's landmark novel *Auto-da-Fé*, originally *The Dazzlement*, and nonfiction magnum opus *Crowds and Power* have been occasional bestsellers in Central Europe, they never garnered a wide audience elsewhere.

A Sephardic Jew and self-willed Euro-citizen, Canetti once wrote, "You can't keep living in a truly beautiful city: it drives out all your yearning." Accordingly, he has been a wanderer—to Paris, Rome, London, Berlin, North Africa, always on the move, always observing with a cold eye. He has never endorsed any political line, and although his '40s anti-Fascism is a matter of record, Canetti is neither a NATO hardliner nor an Iron Curtain apologist: his Nobel cannot be totted on either scoreboard in the East-West propaganda Olympics. Canetti embodies a more important quality often omitted in the literature committee's global approach. He is a major writer, gifted with a unique talent and an original, if sometimes grisly humanism.

"One can touch the unhappiness of the whole world in one single man," he wrote. "And as long as we don't give him up, then nothing is given up." The aphorism is a fragment of autobiography. Born in 1905 in a Danube port city in Bulgaria, Canetti claims that his Turkish-raised grandfather boasted of knowing 17 languages. After his father died in Manchester, England, Canetti zigzagged between the Zurich of Dada, Lenin and Joyce, and the Vienna of Freud, finally earning a Ph.D. in chemistry. But the young doctor chose literature instead of laboratories. *Auto-da-Fé* (1935), published on the eve of Hitler's Anschluss, initiated the theme that would obsess Canetti over four decades: how to pay close attention to the world.

The novel's hero, a professor of Sinology, Dr. Kien, is unaware of the world outside his 25,000-volume library. When he marries his housekeeper, a consuming mother figure, his hermitage, like the Vienna around him, turns berserk. Kien is driven from his jade tower into the night gallery of prostitutes, beggars and thieves, and his dream of completing a volume on Oriental thought becomes a demented Psychology of Trousers. Finally regaining his library, Kien sets it ablaze, immolating himself in the flames. This disturbing tale was to be the first of eight, a cycle titled *The Human Comedy of Madmen*.



AP

"I am tired of riding the high horse of this pretense"

Instead, Canetti fled to England and remained locked in thought for a quarter of a century. The result was *Crowds and Power* (1960), a kind of post-Holocaust *Anatomy of Melancholy*, with debts to Freud, Frazer, Burton, Gandhi and Jung. Like Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, Canetti's labor is charged with idiosyncratic observations: "Fire is as dangerous to human beings as it is to animals, it is the strangest and oldest symbol of the crowd." The book suffers from the same fate as *Melancholy*, however: *Crowds and Power* fails to cohere into a unified vision. Typically, Adolf Hitler haunts every page. But Canetti understands the value of silence. In the many examples of autocratic power, *der Führer* is mentioned only once.

Yet Canetti's most accessible book for American readers is full of worldly noise. In *The Voices of Marrakesh: A Record of a Visit* (1967), Canetti plunges into the sun-dazzled vitality of North Africa. His attention to beggars, bazaars and blind men is a transforming act of literature, where philosopher, aphorist, poet and storyteller collaborate in a hymn to humanness. Wrote the author of this technique: "I am not interested in grasping precisely a man I know. I am interested only in exaggerating him precisely." That distortion has become a part of Canetti's own psyche. As Critic Susan Sontag observed, "His real task is not to exercise his talent for explanation, but by being witness to the age, to set the largest, most edifying standards of despair."

Canetti also sets standards for shyness. Believed to be at a Bavarian resort when the prize was announced, Canetti has refused all interviews. "He is a very private man," said his London agent, John Wolfers. Canetti, always Delphic, would probably prefer another explanation. As he once protested, "I am tired of riding the high horse of this pretense. I am not yet even a human being."

—By J.D. Reed

Excerpt

"What is there in language? What does it conceal? What does it rob one of ? During the weeks I spent in Morocco I made no attempt to acquire either Arabic or any of the Berber languages. I wanted to lose none of the force of those foreign-sounding cries. I wanted sounds to affect me as much as lay in their power, unmitigated by deficient and artificial knowledge on my part. I had not read a thing about the country. The little that one picks up in the course of one's life about every country and every people fell away in the first few hours.

But the word *Alláh* remained; there was no getting round that. With it I was equipped for that part of my experience that was most ubiquitous and insistent, and most persistent: the blind. Travelling, one accepts everything; indignation stays at home. One looks, one listens, one is roused to enthusiasm by the most dreadful things because they are new. Good travellers are heartless."

—The Voices of Marrakesh

Virginia Slims remembers the many pleasures of a woman's day while camping in the great outdoors.

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Audi 5000 Turbo—Photographed at the Orangery, Fulda, West Germany.

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Dying Causes, Tortured Choices

A FLAG FOR SUNRISE *by Robert Stone; Knopf; 439 pages; $13.95*

Frank Holliwell, 40, is a professor of anthropology in Maryland who once "did a job" for the CIA in Viet Nam. Years later he would just as soon forget the whole thing, but the Company is not about to do so. As he prepares to leave for a lecture in Central America, he is approached by Marty Nolan, a contact from the old days. It seems that something funny is going on in the Republic of Tecan, currently a safe haven for U.S. interests. "Our ambassador is a Birchite moron," Nolan reports. "The cops lock you up for reading Voltaire." What really troubles Nolan is the behavior of a Roman Catholic priest and nun, both Americans, who are defying their superiors by refusing to close down a small mission and clinic on the Caribbean coast. Surely Holliwell can find an excuse to drop in on Tecan and see what these people think they are doing? Holliwell replies that he cannot.

He is wrong, of course. No thriller worth the name sets up such expectations without delivering, and *A Flag for Sunrise*, Author Robert Stone's third novel, deserves that label and then some. The longer its main characters remain apart, the more certain it is that they must come together. Holliwell will find Father Charlie Egan and Sister Justin Feeney at the mysterious mission in Tecan. They will be joined by Pablo Tabor, a deserter from the Coast Guard and by far the wildest card in this deck. A homicidal speed freak ("Gimme a rush, Jesus. If you want me for a sunbeam"), Pablo signs on with Jack and Deedee Callahan, a permanently sloshed American couple who run guns in a cutter disguised as a shrimp boat. This work is not so easy or pleasant as it once was. Sizing up Pablo, his new crewman, Jack says, "I used to like it when the baddest thing around these parts was me. These days I'm just another innocent abroad." The boat, guns and Pablo are destined for Tecan.

To furnish the stage on which his strange cast converge, Stone takes his cue from Joseph Conrad, who set *Nostromo* in an imaginary South American republic called Costaguana. Stone squeezes Tecan and its more progressive neighbor Compostela into a fictional space between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and then provides topography and politics. The land here is racked periodically by earthquakes; when Holliwell arrives in Tecan, he senses the tremors of revolution as well. The local dictator, propped up by U.S. support and sadistic National Guardsmen wearing reflecting sunglasses, may have finally pushed his brutalized subjects too far. He is driving exploited coffee pickers off the land to make way for copper mining that will enrich him and his fellow oligarchs.

This background not only thickens Stone's plot, it also forces his characters into tortured moral choices. As chaos descends, some suffer less than others. In the solitude of his mission, Father Egan drinks and retreats to a nearby ruin, the site of ancient human sacrifice, where he preaches a muddled, gnostic mysticism to drugged-out hippies. Pablo arrives, hears Egan talk, and is converted to the notion that his vicious life has meaning: "There's a process and I'm in the middle of it. A lot of stuff I do is meant to be." Sister Justin, her faith waning, agrees to help the Tecanecan revolutionaries, whose cause demands the self-annihilation she has been striving for all her life. And Holliwell, the disillusioned "Viet Nam burnout," cannot help falling in love with her because she represents an alternative to the scorched earth of his life.

While they wrestle with their consciences, Holliwell and Sister Justin are being watched by hard-eyed men who have little patience with dark nights of the soul. Lieutenant Campos of the National Guard keeps track of the nun. Not a thoughtful type, he is just sensitive enough to demand absolution from Father Egan after a young woman has been murdered within the domain of his authority. He then declares that the priest has responsibility for the body, which Campos has carefully preserved in an ice chest in his home. The lieutenant knows that Sister Justin is his enemy; he waits for the mistake that will deliver her into his hands.

Meanwhile, Holliwell's presence in Tecan roils the local intelligence community. He keeps bumping into people who seem to know more about the purpose of his visit than he does. One of them is an Englishman named Ralph Heath, who now lives in Miami and does security work for a conglomerate that plans to buy played-out banana plantations and turn them into resort properties. Heath's bosses do not want their investments threatened by local unrest. Contemptuously, Heath pegs Holliwell as a muddled disturber of the peace. He lectures the American: "You see, I'm the wrath of God in my tiny way. I don't go seeking out the misguided and the perverse, not at all. Those afflicted find me. I'm the shark on the bottom of the lagoon. You have to sink a damn long way before you get to me. When you do, I'm waiting."

The private agonies of the main characters finally tip the balance of Stone's novel away from events, from what actually happens toward its impact on those who experience it. The upshot of the revolution is conveyed within a single throwaway sentence. Characters live or die as accident dictates, poetic justice be damned. Near the end of the novel, Sister Justin quotes two unacknowledged lines from Emily Dickinson: "A Wife—at Daybreak I shall be—/ Sunrise—Hast thou a flag for me?" The question, in this context, is especially poignant. What has happened in Tecan, to her and to others, suggests that new mornings may no longer bring new causes to espouse.

What if none of this matters? That is the troubling question Stone raises throughout the novel. He vividly portrays high adventure, but then makes it look of no more account than what the cynical Marty Nolan calls "a catalogue of ape behavior." He sets his characters the task of finding meaning for their lives, then sees to it that they will fail. "There's always a place for God," Holliwell asserts. "There is some question as to whether He's in it." This issue is not normally the stuff of espionage. Those readers who like their suspense neat may be unhappy with the freight Stone has added: nihilism, a cosmos that is indifferent if not actively malevolent, a philosophical puzzle that even death may not solve. *A Flag for Sunrise* takes a number of giant steps beyond the genre it imitates. A few of them may indeed be stumbles: Stone sometimes confuses depth with murkiness, profundity with confusion. But he has produced a novel that is not just scary. It is frightening. —*By Paul Gray*

Robert Stone

Suggesting that mornings may bring no new causes.

I, Prodigy

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: VOL. I. 1907-1937. JOURNEY EAST, JOURNEY WEST
by Mircea Eliade
Translated by Mac Linscott Ricketts
Harper & Row; 335 pages; $17.95

At 74, Mircea Eliade remains one of the world's great authorities on the myths and symbols of religion. Teaching and writing (more than 50 books), he has always had a sympathetic ear for the exotic, and even erotic, spiritual quests of the young. In this candid autobiography, covering his first 30 years, the historian portrays himself as a scapegrace whose enormous appetite for life embraced both the intellectual and the sensual.

Eliade was born in Bucharest, when Rumania still turned its eyes West for cultural inspiration. One early encounter, when he was "four or five," was a portent of things to come. He saw a young girl who had "the largest eyes I have ever seen [and] black curls that fell to her shoulders." He knew even then, he claims, that "something extraordinary and decisive had occurred."

At school, he explored that subject gingerly at first, amid prodigious feasts on books (a lifelong lust) and feats of writing (his first novel). But carnal knowledge, too, became an irresistible pursuit. In Calcutta, where he journeyed to study with Surendranath Dasgupta, the celebrated historian of Indian philosophy, he was invited to live in the teacher's home. There he began an affair with Dasgupta's daughter.

Sent away, the chagrined young man retired to an ashram in the Himalayas, but asceticism flew the hermitage when a novice named Jenny arrived from South Africa. Soon she was suggesting that she and Eliade try out the sexual initiation rites of Tantric yoga. "Such rituals also entailed a great deal of risk," recalls Eliade deadpan. "It was, however, beyond my powers not to brave them."

Back in Bucharest, Eliade turned his Indian romance into an indelicately autobiographical novel, *Maitreyi*, which became a bestseller. Then he promptly dashed off, over the next two years, an entire trilogy of novels to follow it. He somehow managed to find time to keep two mistresses, one an emotional actress, the other the wounded victim of an earlier love affair, a young woman named Nina. Forced ultimately to choose between the two, Eliade elected to move in with Nina, "to restore [her to] integrity," as he puts it. Other men make that sort of commitment without creating a fuss, but Eliade embraced it with his usual intensity as a dramatic, self-sacrificial act.

Manifestly, it was still a long journey to world-class scholarship. Later volumes should be vastly enlightening, but it will be hard for them to top this portrait of the wise man as a young ego. —*By Mayo Mohs*

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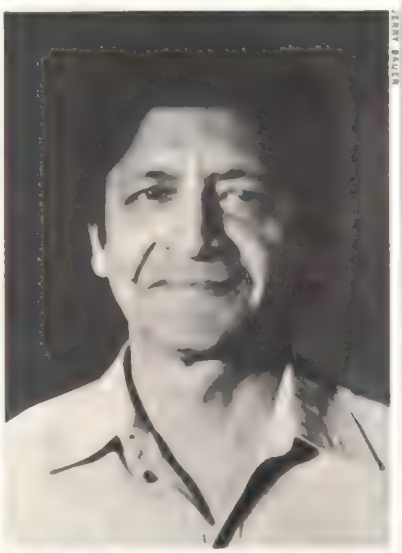
Partisan Report

AMONG THE BELIEVERS:
AN ISLAMIC JOURNEY
by V.S. Naipaul
Knopf; 430 pages; $15

What do the militant Muslims really want? This question, which began to vex the West with special urgency as the Iranian revolution unfolded, piqued the curiosity of V.S. Naipaul. Instead of simply clucking in wonder, he decided to look for an answer at the source. He mapped out a six-month itinerary that only a journalist or a masochist could love. In August 1979, it was off to Iran, a nation still rejoicing in the fall of the Shah, still tumultuous under the evolving rule of Khomeini. Then to Pakistan, the troubled state founded in 1947 as a homeland for Indian Muslims and still



JERRY BAUER

V.S. Naipaul
Encountering people impervious to his logic.

brooding over the loss of 15% of its land and more than half of its people in the early 1970s, when Bangladesh was born. From there, he traveled to Malaysia and Indonesia, both former European colonies, both nominally Islamic and both feeling the impact of new wealth and restlessness. His quarry: people who would talk to him about their dream of remaking the world in the image of a 7th century Arabian state.

He found plenty of them, thanks in part to his physiognomy. Naipaul's Indian heritage made him appear sympathetic to some who might otherwise have mistrusted him. Ayatullahs in Qum found his looks puzzling but nonthreatening; in Pakistan he was taken for a Pakistani; a teacher in Indonesia remarked admiringly: "You look like our Prophet." Such appearances were deceiving. Naipaul is a man of the West, through and through. He may have grown up as an alien in Trinidad, then a British colony, but his escape from that subjugation came not through mysticism or political revolution but through secular education, a mastery of Western intellectual traditions and the English language. His unique combination of experience and skills helped make him a distinguished novelist. In such nonfiction works as *India: A Wounded Civilization* and *The Return of Eva Perón*, he also emerged as an impressive interpreter and critic of the Third World.

Given his background, Naipaul was bound to wind up at loggerheads with people who renounce logic, humanism, skeptical inquiry and the notion of progress. Since that is what Islamic fundamentalists do, *Among the Believers* reads like a long-drawn-out standoff. Naipaul's report is indeed filled with fascinating details. He carefully questions his subjects about their pasts and often evokes poignant sketches of uprooted lives leading to inchoate yearnings. His prose evokes obscure places that few will ever see: a mountain pass in the shadow of the Himalayas, where Afghan nomads drive and tend their flocks; a small village in central Java, "an enchanted, complete world."

On a few occasions, Naipaul even approaches the religious satisfaction he senses in his subjects. At the end of one long day, sitting in the courtyard of a mosque in Pakistan, he feels "that Islam had achieved community and a kind of beauty, had given people a feeling of completeness—if only the world outside could be shut out, and men could be made to forget what they knew."

That "if" is the block on which all the book's dialogues stumble. Naipaul thinks that the rest of civilization cannot be ignored; his partners disagree. He argues that the Koran alone is an inadequate blueprint for a functioning state. He asks: "Wouldn't it have been better for Muslims to trust less to the saving faith and to sit down hard-headedly to work out institutions? Wasn't that an essential part of the history of civilization, after all: the conversion of ethical ideals into institutions?" Again and again he is answered: No.

Repeated encounters with those impervious to his logic turn Naipaul cranky. Although he tries to limit his criticism to Islam's political extensions, its alarms and excursions, he begins sniping at the religion itself: here, an offhand reference to the "open-and-shut morality of Islam," there, a disparaging allusion to the devotional habits of its most fervent believers, "the five-times-a-day prayers, the unnecessary fasts." He forgets that all religious observances are "unnecessary," except to those who practice them. In his judgments of the new fundamentalism, he begins to sound as harsh as any ayatullah railing at the great satan in the West: "This political Islam was rage, anarchy."

It is possible to agree with every word of *Among the Believers* and to feel, still, that something is missing. Naipaul gets the lyrics, but the music is dim. His book has clearly been written for Western eyes, a preachment to the unconverted. Muslim fundamentalists who were not persuaded by Naipaul in person are not likely to be swayed by his narrative or, in fact, to read him at all. They are busy with a struggle that they think will lead to their salvation; their chosen enemies, Naipaul included, can be forgiven for regarding them with some enmity and considerable dread. Naipaul's journey was grueling and intellectually brave; he has returned, not with a history but with a partisan report of battles present and to come. —*By Paul Gray*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: The Book of Lights, *Chaim Potok* • Collected Stories, *Frank O'Connor* • Easy Travel to Other Planets, *Ted Mooney* • The Hotel New Hampshire, *John Irving* Rabbit Is Rich *John Updike* Reinhart's Women, *Thomas Berger*

NONFICTION: The Eisenhower Diaries, *edited by Robert H. Ferrell* Mornings on Horseback, *David McCullough* • Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor, *Diana Trilling* • The Physicists, *C.P. Snow* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* • Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession, *Janet Malcolm*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Hotel New Hampshire, *Irving (2 last week)*
2. Cujo, *King (1)*
3. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (3)*
4. Noble House, *Clavell (4)*
5. The Legacy, *Fast (6)*
6. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders (5)*
7. Remembrance, *Steel*
8. The Last Days of America, *Erdman*
9. Gorky Park, *Smith (10)*
10. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (7)*

NONFICTION

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (1)*
2. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (2)*
3. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (3)*
4. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (4)*
5. Turn Your Kitchen into a Gold Mine, *Howard*
6. Living Alone and Liking It, *Shahan (5)*
7. The Cinderella Complex, *Dowling (6)*
8. Theory Z, *Ouchi (9)*
9. The Soul of a New Machine, *Kidder (8)*
10. You Can Negotiate Anything, *Cohen*

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Cinema

Lady Wrestlers Landon and Frederick, with Manager Falk, confront the opposition

Soft Core

"... ALL THE MARBLES"
Directed by Robert Aldrich
Screenplay by Mel Frohman

This is not a movie that benefits from second thoughts. It has the structure of a conventional sports story: an agreeable underdog team known as the California Dolls and managed by a comically shrewd eccentric (Peter Falk) overcomes various tribulations to achieve a morally satisfying—and suspensefully staged—climactic confrontation with their longtime nemeses, the Toledo Tigers. Since the sport in question is something called female tag-team wrestling, there is a certain novelty of milieu and characters that has its entertainment value.

And the picture is well made in a broad-stroke sort of way. Director Aldrich *(The Big Knife, What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? Hustle)* has never been one to linger over subtleties, but he has a good sense of life on the scramble in the less exalted realms of Middle America, and he covers the action in the ring quite brilliantly. One starts to feel one's own tendons screeching as the ladies apply their holds to one another, and the shuddering impact of bodies flung to the canvas registers in the audience's bones. Writer Frohman has concocted a nice bickering relationship between Falk and his Dolls (Vicki Frederick and Laurene Landon), who are attractive, talented and without doubt the bravest young actresses in the business. As for Falk, his character has managed to identify himself, in his own mind anyway, with another traveling entertainer, Pagliacci. That, however, does not prevent him from wielding a baseball bat effectively when he has to defend himself and gruff words fail him. Above all, he is, in his scheming way, the defender of a dream, an old-fashioned American dream of plucking and lucking to the top. That the movie implies this fantasy nowadays seems to survive only down here among the social mushrooms may even be a valid bit of cultural commentary.

All of this being the case, why does "... *All the Marbles*" leave one feeling lousy the morning after? Probably because its true subject is not the relationship between Falk and his women or the things they will do to rise to the tawdry top of their tacky world. That material, effective as it often is, can only be seen as an excuse for what is in fact an exercise in sadism. Basically what "... *All the Marbles*" does is invite its audience to witness pretty women in scanty costumes (and, by the end of the inevitable—and ill-motivated—mud-wrestling sequence, virtually no costumes at all) racking one another up. Their positions of combat are sexual; so are the carefully emphasized screams, moans and groans of pain, which are made to seem almost indistinguishable from those of pleasure. It is all very well calculated—at least one audience was cheering loudly as the Dolls approached their final victory. But the fact remains that the heart and soul of this movie are strictly soft core. —*By Richard Schickel*

Small Bore

MY DINNER WITH ANDRÉ
Directed by Louis Malle
Screenplay by Wallace Shawn and André Gregory

In a Manhattan restaurant, a round, balding actor-playwright named Wallace Shawn sits down to dinner with a lean, overarticulate theatrical director named André Gregory. The friends have not seen one another for some years mostly because Gregory has spent that time searching the world for transcendental experiences. He has been to adult play groups in Poland, Scotland, Tibet, the Sahara—and Montauk Point. It is a measure of what is wrong with this movie (and maybe with the culture of the '80s) that neither man sees anything funny about the intrusion of that last prosaic place on this otherwise exotic list. Nichols and May would have known what to do with it.

The pair settle down to chomp through civilization and its discontents along with their quail. Gregory does most of the talking, and such disagreements as they have are politely put. Shawn seeks a certain comfort in routine; Gregory obviously seeks the intensification of experience that can result from a daily questioning of one's routines. Neither wants to pick a fight or, for that matter, make a convert. At most, it would seem, André wants to make certain that his odyssey was not in vain, that he learned something for his trouble. And, it must be said, there are several anecdotes that are not without interest in the retelling, one or two observations about the ways of the world that are acute.

One of Gregory's points is that nowadays there is so much role playing, so much self-dramatization going on in real life, that it has rendered the formal theatrical experience superfluous. Why go to a play or movie to see someone act a part when friends (and strangers) are doing it all around us all the time? One imagines, since Shawn and Gregory wrote this piece in a glumly realistic manner, and play themselves with shameless conviction, that they intend to demonstrate that a dramatic work can actually be less stagy, more authentic, than life.

Wallace Shawn

Louis Malle, who has a deserved reputation for taking on dangerous projects *(Pretty Baby, Murmur of the Heart)*, was obviously attracted to the challenge of doing what amounts to an anti-movie, static and minimalist. He has functioned, it seems, pretty much in the manner of a good TV technician handling a Sunday-morning interview show. His work is smooth, objective, unobtrusive. His manner certainly suits a script that was distilled from hundreds of hours of taped conversations between its author-protagonists.

As a conception *My Dinner with André* is interesting in a kind of off-off Broadway way. One can imagine trendy New York twittering about it for weeks—well, anyway, days. And if the protagonists were, by nature, men of Shavian wit and intellectual range it might have worked. But they are merely fake profound, in the show-biz manner. Their pose may be antitheatrical, but the pair are, in fact, theatrical in the very worst, or drama student, sense of the term. Wallace and André, in short, are two Woody Allen characters in need of an intelligently ironic author to deflate them. Since he is nowhere to be found, audiences are advised to bring along their do-it-yourself satire kits. —*R.S.*

André Gregory

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Broken Promises in Nicaragua

Like Somoza, the Sandinistas crack down on a dissenting daily

No one understands the power of a free press better than Nicaragua's Sandinistas, who overthrew Dictator Anastasio Somoza two years ago with the help of the crusading opposition newspaper, *La Prensa*. Under Somoza, *La Prensa* (circ. 75,000) had paid a steep price for its dissenting views: its reporters were beaten and jailed, its offices were bombed, and finally its unflinching editor, Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, was murdered by Somoza's henchmen. When the Sandinistas came to power 18 months later, they promised to create a pluralistic society in which freedom of the press would be guaranteed. Now, it seems, the Sandinistas are finding those promises too troublesome to keep.

Violeta Chamorro

BOSIO—GAMMA/LIAISON

The paper locked up by the government

Fit in with the revolution—or else.

Pedro Joaquín Jr.

La Prensa is the only Nicaraguan newspaper not aligned with the government, which also controls 80% of the radio and TV stations. As it chronicled the revolution's mounting failures, the daily, now edited by Chamorro's son, Pedro Joaquin Jr., 30, once more found itself the principal target of a regime that does not tolerate dissent. Chamorro's widow Violeta, an original member of the revolutionary government, resigned in March 1980, offering reasons of health, to concentrate on helping her son with the paper. One month later, *La Prensa* was paralyzed by a Sandinista-induced labor dispute that ended only when Pedro Joaquin's uncle Xavier, a staunch supporter of the Sandinistas, started his own newspaper, *Nuevo Diario* (circ. 30,000). When that competition proved ineffectual in undercutting *La Prensa's* influence, the Sandinistas employed sterner measures.

This year two press laws have been enacted, carrying penalties that include temporary suspension of publication and jail terms of up to three years for newspaper editors who publish information the government thinks is "sensitive." Under these laws, Chamorro's newspaper has been shut down five times. Each time, the young editor has come out swinging as soon as his presses started to roll again.

He has accused the government of approving mob violence to squelch an opposition rally, unfairly confiscating private property, and packing the national legislature with Sandinistas. When the Sandinistas, having long since deferred plans for free elections in Nicaragua, called for free elections in El Salvador, Chamorro acidly asked: "If Salvadorans can vote, why not us?" After the latest shutdown earlier this month, *La Prensa* returned with a blistering editorial written by Violeta Chamorro. The Sandinistas, she said, "have no respect for freedom of the press . . . My husband once said to me, without press freedom, there is no freedom."

The Sandinistas' response to this invocation of the martyred Chamorro—still a symbol of the revolution—was swift. Unless *La Prensa* stops criticizing the government, announced Sandinista Commandante Jaime Wheelock, the newspaper will be shut down permanently. *La Prensa*, said Wheelock, must "fit in with the revolution."

The closing of *La Prensa* would have a devastating effect on the government's image, both at home and abroad. It would be an admission that the Sandinistas had abandoned their commitment to pluralism and freedom of the press, and were drifting toward totalitarianism. But with the Nicaraguan economy in a tailspin and public restiveness on the rise, the government seems increasingly unwilling to give free rein to so outspoken a critic. If *La Prensa* is crushed, said Vice President George Bush last week in Rio de Janeiro, the Sandinistas will "make it strikingly clear in the eyes of the world that they fear the truth." Perhaps the most poignant statement on the fate of the troubled newspaper came from a youth in the barrios of Managua who fought against Somoza: "Shutting down *La Prensa*," he said, "would be like killing Pedro Joaquín Chamorro all over again." ■

Ex *Post* Facto

Defending an earmuff

When the Washington *Post's* "Ear" column passed along a rumor two weeks ago that the Reagans' guest quarters in Washington had been bugged just before last January's Inauguration, an outraged Jimmy Carter demanded a retraction and threatened a libel suit. Last week the *Post* responded in print, with an editorial that may have set a new standard for journalistic sophistry. "There are a lot of 'we's' at the Washington *Post*," it began, "but the one you are about to hear from comes about as close as you can get to being the basic, collective 'we'—the voice of the Washington *Post*, speaking for the Washington *Post*." The original "Ear" item, the editorial noted, had reported only that a rumor was circulating; that did not mean the newspaper thought it was true. In fact, continued the *Post*, "we find that rumor utterly impossible to believe." To suggest that what appears elsewhere in the paper is somehow not the *real* Washington *Post* is confusing enough. To add that it is all right to pass along damaging gossip, regardless of its accuracy, is still more baffling.

Insiders at the paper said the apologia was written "under duress" by Editorial Page Editor Meg Greenfield, meaning that she got a lot of heat from Executive Editor Ben Bradlee and Publisher Donald Graham. *Post* reporters, still smarting from the Janet Cooke Pulitzer Prize hoax earlier this year, were distressed to see their paper leaping into another ethical mud puddle. So were other journalists. Asked Philadelphia *Bulletin* Editor Craig Ammerman: "Why didn't they simply run a correction?" Added Boston *Globe* Editorial Page Editor Martin Nolan, "There are two rules in writing editorials: 1) be clear; 2) have a point. This editorial satisfies neither rule." The unkindest cut came from former White House Spokesman Jody Powell, who suggested that the *Post* should change its editorial page motto from "An Independent Newspaper" to "*Caveat emptor*" (Let the buyer beware). ■

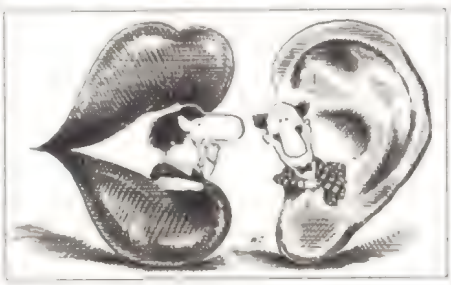
The Morals of Gossip

Gossip has always had a terrible reputation. A sin against charity, they said, quoting St. Paul. The odd, vivid term sometimes used for it was backbiting. The word suggested a sudden, predatory leap from behind—as if gossip's hairy maniacal dybbuk landed on the back of the victim's neck and sank its teeth into the spine, killing with vicious little calumnies: venoms and buzzes.

Gossip is rarely that wild. From the morning of the first individual folly of the race, gossip has been the normal nattering background noise of civilization: Molly Goldberg at her kitchen window, Voltaire at the water cooler. To say that gossip has been much condemned is like saying that sex has sometimes been held in low esteem. It is true, but it misses some of the fun of the thing.

Gossip has always been one of the evil pleasures. It is unworthy, nosy, hypocritical and moralistic, a sort of participatory nastiness. But does it play a heroic moral role hitherto unnoticed? Is gossip merely a swamp that breeds mosquitoes and disease? ("Each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies," wrote Tennyson.) Or does it have higher functions in the ecosystem?

Large claims have often been made for homely old salacious gossip—the sort of assertions, one might think, that sweating pornographers used to make in court about the "redeeming social value" of their work. All storytelling, hence most of literature from Homer onward, rises from gossip's fertile lowlands. Even the deepest primordial myths are essentially gossip: "Zeus and Hera are fighting again?" "Fer shirr!" What we hear in Tolstoi or Flaubert or Dickens or Proust, wrote Novelist Mary McCarthy, "is the voice of a neighbor relating the latest gossip." Literature coalesces out of base gossip, from Suetonius to Boswell's *Journals* to Diana Trilling's new account (*Mrs. Harris*) of the Scarsdale Diet doctor's murder.



The highly vulnerable Oscar Wilde went so far as to say that all history is gossip. Such gossip, unlike history, tends to evaporate. Gossip is certainly an instrument of power; Lyndon Johnson understood the magic leverage to be gained from intimate personal details, artfully dispensed. He made it a point to know the predilections of friends, the predicaments of enemies. He orchestrated whole symphonies of power upon the Moog of his own ego. Conversely, gossip seems to cherish a democratic, even subversive impulse: it likes to knock down authority a little. That is why royal families make their servants sign oaths not to write (gossip) about what goes on in the private quarters.

In the late 20th century, technology has immeasurably complicated the business of gossip. Television, radio, the people pages of newspapers and magazines have all conspired to create international class gossip. This macrogossip detaches the usual human taletelling from its local roots. The result is sometimes a resonant emptiness, the feeling of futility that might overcome the soul after watching Bob Hope and Brooke Shields host a television special. Macrogossip tends to be exemplary, cautionary, ceremonial and merely entertaining—like public hangings.

But microgossip—the myriad back-nipping, back-fence, kitchen-table, men's-room exchanges all over the world, the low animated buzz of dirt-dishing that emanates from the globe—is the kind of gossip that may perform a kind of social mission. Microgossip keeps tumbling in like the surf, a Pepysian lounge act: routines about Sylvia, about to be fired, and Karl, who can't get a divorce, and Dorothy's Valium.

Perhaps most of the world's gossip—both macro and micro—is done for the interest and entertainment of it. At certain dinner parties in Georgetown and Beverly Hills and East Hampton (cannibals' picnics, nights of the long knives), the gossip is a combination of dispassionate vivisection and blood sport: reputations are expertly filleted and the small brown pits of egos are spit out decorously into spoons and laid at the edge of the plate.

Gossip goes in for the negative, not the positive. It is no doubt mean-spirited. "If gossip favors, even *enjoys*, dirt (the failings of character)," wrote the critic John Leonard, "it is because we suspect ourselves, and the suspicion is a shrewd one." Yet, oddly, people do not seem to object to being gossiped about as much as they once did. After all, as macrogossip has instructed, any gossip is a form of attention, a sort of evanescent celebrity. Even gossip works to keep away what Saul Bellow called "the wolf of insignificance." Privacy is not the highest priority; on the contrary, a certain emotional exhibitionism has been gaining ground. Of course, it can get out of hand: a man happy enough to be gossiped about as the office philanderer might grow queasy at learning that gossip is calling him a sadomasochist.

If much gossip is retailed merely for the enjoyment of the exchange, the simple human interest in the passing pageant of follies, it also has subtler purposes. Gossip—which concerns people, while rumor concerns events—is usually an instrument with which people unconsciously evaluate moral contexts.

"Did you see that Glen and Carolyn got out of the same cab at work this morning? And Carolyn was wearing the same dress she had on yesterday?" In gossiping about, say, an office adultery, gossipers will weigh and sift and test the morals involved. Gossip is intimate news (perhaps even false news), but it is also a procession of ethical problems. In gossiping, people try to discover their own attitudes toward such behavior—and the reactions of others. It is also a medium of self-disclosure, a way of dramatizing one's own feelings about someone else's behavior, a way of asserting what we think acceptable or unacceptable. In a book called *The Moralities of Everyday Life*, to be published early next year, Psychologists John Sabini and Maury Silver write that "gossip brings ethics home by introducing abstract morality to the mundane. Moral norms are abstract. To decide whether some particular, concrete unanalyzed action is forbidden, tolerated, encouraged, or required, principles must be applied to the case."

If that is so, then gossip (whatever its individual destructiveness, which can be awesome—ask Othello) also serves as a profound daily act of community. In her novel *Happy All the Time*, Laurie Colwin has a character who prefers to call gossip "emotional speculation." Right. Through the great daily bazaar of bitchiness (men can be just as bitchy as women) passes a dense and bewildering parade of follies. They involve sex and money and alcohol and children and jobs and cruelty and treachery: mostly variations on the seven deadly sins. Gossip is a safe way of sorting out this amoral brawl. It is a form of improvisational daydreaming. "Both the virtue and vice of gossip," write Sabini and Silver, "is that one doesn't confront accusers, or demand proof . . . Gossip is transitional between things merely said, or even half said, and positions taken in the public domain. Gossip is a training ground for both self-clarification and public moral action." Gossip is the layman's mythmaker and moralist, the small, idle interior puppet-theater in which he tries out new plays, new parts for himself.

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Michael Witte

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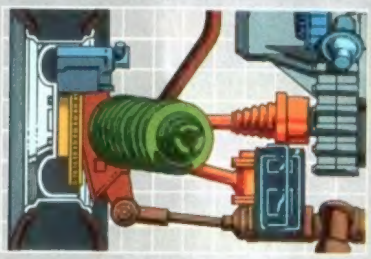

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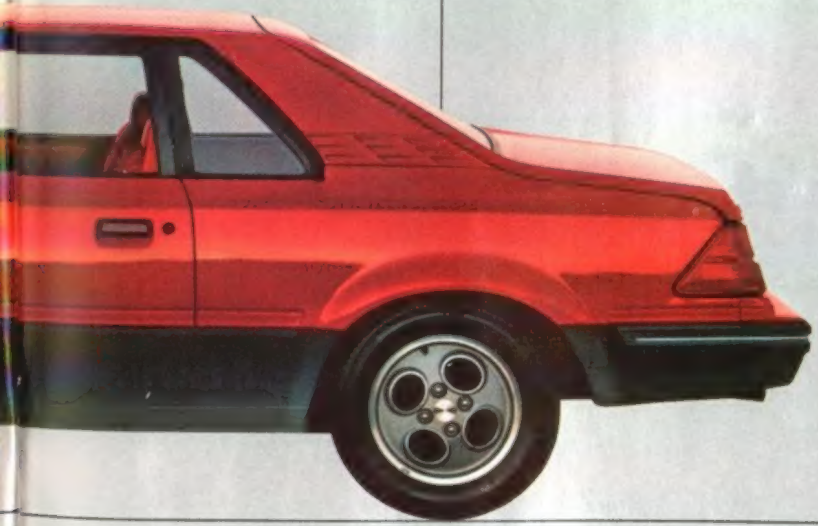

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